MEMORIALS
OF
OLD HERTFORDSHIRE

GAZETTE " 28th Oct 1905.

MEMORIALS OF OLD HERTFORDSHIRE.

A fascinating volume bearing this title, edited by Mr. Percy Cross Standing, author of "The Battles of Hertfordshire" and other works, has just been issued by Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, Ltd., of Snow Hill, E.C., and Derby, uniform with the similar publications issued by that well-known publishing house in relation to other counties of England. The work, the price of which is 15s., is appropriately dedicated to the Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Lieutenant of the county. The volume does not pretend in any way to be a history of Hertfordshire. Indeed, the Editor is careful to explain that it has been planned upon entirely different lines, the central idea of which is to "endeavour to present a series of vivid word-pictures descriptive of the most striking and most picturesque events in Hertfordshire's chequered story." Accordingly a number of well-known specialists on various subjects have co-operated to produce a volume of Memorials "not unworthy, it is hoped, to be considered as an important contribution to the annals of our counties"; while at the same time an endeavour has been made "to preserve as far as possible the due order of sequence of the different chapters, so that a certain continuity of epoch or period might be preserved throughout." The subjects treated of include: "Historic Hertfordshire," by the Editor; "Hertford Castle," by the Rev. Canon Benham; "Saint Alban, Briton and Protomartyr," by the Editor; "The Hertfordshire Pope," by Mr. F. A. Lumbye; "The Church of St. Alban," by the Rev. Canon Wigram; "Stortford Castle," by Mr. J. L. Glasscock: "The Franciscan and Benedictine Monasteries of Ware," by Mr. H. P. Pollard; "The Queen Eleanor Memorial, Waltham Cross," by the Rev. J. H. Stamp; "Sopwell," by Mr. H. R. Wilton Hall; "The Battles of St. Albans and Barnet," by the Editor; "Berkhamsted Castle," by Mr. E. H. Stewart Walde; "Queen Elizabeth in Hertfordshire," by the Editor; "Moor Park," by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, F.S.A.; "St. Michael's Church, Bishop Stortford," by the Rev. H. J. Lane; "Hatfield and other great houses," by the Editor; "The Rye House and its Plot," by Mr. R. T. Andrews; "Some Hertfordshire Worthies," by the Editor; "The Archæology of Hertfordshire," by Mr. W. B. Gerish and Mr. H. P. Pollard; "Folk-lore and Legend," by the Editor; "Note on the Great Bed of Ware," by Mr. W. F. Andrews. There are excellent illustrations of St. Albans Abbey, Hertford and Bishop Stortford Castles, Ware and Sopwell Priories, Hatfield House, and many of the other principal mansions in the county, an early map of Hertfordshire, and lastly a copious and useful index.

MEMORIALS
OF
OLD HERTFORDSHIRE

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HATFIELD HOUSE.

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MEMORIALS

OF

OLD HERTFORDSHIRE

EDITED BY

PERCY CROSS STANDING

AUTHOR OF

"The Battles of Hertfordshire"
"On This High Wold" "Châteaux en Espagne"
&c., &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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AND DERBY
1905

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TO

THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON, G.C.B.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY

OF HERTFORD

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S KIND

PERMISSION

PREFACE

THE present volume has no pretensions to rank as a history of the County of Hertford. It has, indeed, been planned upon entirely other lines, the central idea of which is to endeavour to present a series of vivid word-pictures descriptive of the most striking and most picturesque events in Hertfordshire's chequered story. If the Editor has been partially successful in executing the plan adopted, he is content.

To this end, a number of well-known and approved specialists on the various subjects have co-operated to produce a volume of "Memorials" not unworthy, it is hoped, to be considered as an important contribution to the annals of our counties. At the same time, an endeavour has been made to preserve, as far as possible, the due order of sequence of the different chapters, so that a certain continuity of epoch or period might be observed throughout.

The Editor desires to express his grateful thanks to his many able contributors for their generous collaboration, and feels sure that the results of their painstaking research and the literary excellence of their writings will not fail to be appreciated by the public, and especially by the lovers of Old Hertfordshire.

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HISTORIC HERTFORDSHIRE

By the Editor

ONE of the earliest notices of Hertfordshire that we have is the capture of the city of Verulamium (or Verulam), now St. Albans, by the British Queen Boadicea in the year A.D. 61. We know that at that period the counties of Hertfordshire and Essex were peopled by the tribe of warlike Britons known as Trinobantes, who laid the foundations of Londinium (London); while the neighbouring counties of Norfolk and Suffolk were inhabited by the Iceni. The reader will have no difficulty in remembering that in 61 the Queen of the Iceni, Boadicea, raised her wild but powerful tribe in revolt against their Roman conquerors. Dion Cassius describes Boadicea as being of "the largest size, most terrible of aspect, most savage of countenance, most harsh of voice; having a profusion of yellow hair, which fell down to her hips; and wearing a large golden collar, a parti-coloured floating vest drawn close about her bosom, over this a thick mantle connected by a clasp, and in her hand a spear." Tacitus does not describe her at all.

Taking advantage of the fact that the Roman Governor, Suetonius Paulinus, was absent in Anglesea, the Iceni, Trinobantes, and adjacent tribes leagued together, and collected in arms to the number of a quarter of a million men. Their attack was directed against the three populous cities of Camalodunum (Colchester), Londinium, and Verulamium. The first-named place, which was garrisoned by Roman veterans, and contained a statue of

Victory dedicated to the Emperor Claudius, was assailed first. "Ill omens" preceded the attack, among which may be mentioned the fall of the statue of Victory without any visible cause, and "fearful howlings" heard in the temple. These occurrences were probably contrived by the Druids.

After a siege of several days, Camalodunum was carried by assault, and its people were put to the sword without distinction of age or sex. When, all too late, Petilius Ceréalis came to oppose the victorious Britons with the Ninth Legion, six thousand strong, the Romans were utterly routed. The Britons next turned their attention to Londinium, which was even then a place of importance, and was thickly populated. It was barely twenty years since the Romans had begun to build towns and fortresses in Britain; yet Verulamium was already a municipal city. In building, the Romans generally chose sites on which "the natives had planted their stockades and their hill forts, or carried on a small commerce by the vessels that sailed up the great estuaries of the Thames and Colne." At this period the Colne—one of Hertfordshire's most picturesque rivers to-day—was continually in flood, it is said.

The army of Boadicea slaughtered the inhabitants of Londinium, and razed that city to the ground. An equally savage massacre took place at Verulamium. In the words of Tacitus, "they would neither take the vanquished prisoners, nor sell them, nor ransom their lives and liberties; but hastened to massacre, torture, and crucify them, as if to avenge themselves beforehand for the cruel punishments which the future had in store for them." It is to be feared that some at least who were friends of the Britons perished in this indiscriminate butchery. As many as seventy thousand men, women, and children perished in those three cities, and it was not until the following year that Suetonius was enabled to march against and crush the Britons.

Queen Boadicea was by no means the only British leader who opposed the Roman cohorts in Hertfordshire. Their resistless advance was gallantly contested by the celebrated Cattuellani tribe, the heroic Cassivalaunus, from whom the name of Cassiobury, Lord Essex's splendid seat at Watford, is supposed to be derived. This fierce resistance to the Roman conquerors has left portions of the county rich in early British remains. The most noteworthy of these, Grim's Dike, commences near St. Albans (Verulam), indicating the existence of a big British camp at that centre. But Hertfordshire is noted for its Roman not less than for its British remains, as exemplified in the well-known Roman roads—Ermin Street, Icknield Street, and particularly Watling Street, which are dealt with in the chapter of this volume devoted to the archæology of the shire. They are intensely interesting remains. "All is silent," as Dr. Bruce has picturesquely said, "but dead indeed to all human sympathies must the soul of that man be who, in each broken column, each turf-covered mound, each deserted hall, does not recognise a voice telling him, trumpet-tongued, of the rise and fall of empires; of the doom and ultimate destiny of man." Of the three great Roman arteries, Watling Street enters Hertfordshire near Elstree, and leaves it south of Dunstable. The Ermin Way traverses the county from south-west of Theobalds to the vicinity of Royston; while the Icknield Way, entering Hertfordshire just north of Lilley, continues its course into Cambridgeshire *via* Royston.

After the Roman occupation, we have little further record of Hertfordshire until A.D. 303, when the martyrdom of St. Alban occurred, to be commemorated by repentant Saxon Offa, King of Mercia, to whom we owe the real beginnings of what is now the magnificent fane known as St. Albans Abbey. Under the Saxon Heptarchy, part of Hertfordshire was included in the kingdom of East Saxony (A.D. 527) and part in Mercia (A.D. 582).

Then came the long wars between Saxon and Dane, which carried fire and sword into every quarter of England.

A battle was fought in Hertfordshire in 896 between Alfred the Great and the Danes, the details of which are extremely vague. But even allowing that the old chroniclers invariably number their slain by thousands, never by hundreds, this must have been a very severe battle. Alfred had swept the country clear of these freebooters (as it seemed), and was resting after his labours, when fresh hordes appeared on the scene—hordes who acknowledged no leadership and had no ideal save plunder. Having marched through Gloucestershire, they entrenched themselves at Boddington, whence they were speedily driven by the Saxon army. But so numerous were they that even so they had strength sufficient to split up into a number of formidable bands. Alfred wisely decided to give chase to the largest of these forces, which went plundering and burning into Hertfordshire.

It was in the "approaching harvest time" of 896, and it was imperative that Alfred should prevent these robbers from gathering the corn. He came up with them in the locality of what we now call Watford, and here the decisive action was contested. The reader can imagine that the Danes—fighting, as it were, with halters round their necks—made a desperate resistance. But Alfred's prowess told, and the Danish raven again was vanquished. Many were slain, and the few survivors escaped on board the fleet of Sigefort, a Northumbrian Dane. King Alfred now pursued them on to their own element—the sea—captured twenty ships, and afterwards hanged the prisoners at Winchester. Next year he restored thorough tranquillity to the kingdom.

On the accession of Edward the Elder, he fortified the towns of Hertford and Witham (A.D. 910). We are told that these fortifications were superior to earthworks, being constructed of stone. Certain it is that they assisted to

keep Hertfordshire and Essex free from foreign foes for a period of one hundred years.

A hundred and fifty years slipped away. Hastings was fought and won by the Norman hosts, and the Conqueror settled in England. After that great victory, while marching on London with the flower of his army, finding that the Saxon Earls, Edwin and Morcar, were stirring up the Londoners to resist him, William the Conqueror suddenly crossed the Thames at Wallingford, and entered Hertfordshire. By this masterly movement he threatened to cut off the two nobles from their Earldoms, and William issued orders to the Norman soldiery to begin burning and plundering; whereupon the principal nobility and prelates, headed by Aldred, Bishop of York, hastened to Berkhamsted, and there did homage to the invader.

It was the month of December, 1066. In the picturesque language of old Camden, the Saxons yielded "victori Normanno multa et magni pollicenti"—to the Norman conqueror, on his promising many things and of great value. Berkhamsted has unquestionably been a rare place for regal conferences in bygone days.

In the period immediately following the Norman Conquest, Hertfordshire witnessed divers stirring and stormy scenes. Its three powerful fortalices of Hertford, Berkhamsted, and Bishop's Stortford (each of which is separately dealt with in this volume) all saw spilling of blood during the civil wars of King John's unhappy reign. Stortford Castle was destroyed by John, while the castles of Berkhamsted and Hertford fell into the hands of the Barons. More pleasing and less lurid is the recollection that about this period Hertfordshire gave to Rome the only Englishman who has ever filled the chair of St. Peter —the great and good Nicholas Breakspeare of Abbots Langley, better known as Pope Adrian IV. It was this Pope who gave his *imprimatur* to Strongbow's invasion of Ireland in 1172; it was Strongbow's great-grandson,

Earl of Pembroke, who fell to earth at Ware, pierced to the heart by the steel-clad lance in what should have been a friendly tourney.

To a slightly later period belongs the beautiful Holy Cross at Waltham, one of the memorials erected by England's sorrowing King on the funeral journey of the good Queen Eleanor. In the rose garden at Langley—the birthplace of Edmund de Langley—took place the famous scene between Richard's Queen and the gardener, so familiar to every student of Shakespeare, in which she learns of the success of Bolingbroke. Shakespeare makes the gardener in *Richard II.* break to the Queen the news of Bolingbroke's success and the King's discomfiture. It is the gardener who, speaking in the Duke of York's garden at King's Langley, philosophically says:—

> Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
> Which, like unruly children, make their sire
> Stoop with oppression of their weight.
> Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
> Go thou, and like an executioner,
> Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
> That look too lofty in our Commonwealth:
> All must be even in our government.
> You thus employed, I will go root away
> The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
> The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
> . . . . . .
> Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
> I would my skill were subject to thy curse—
> Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
> I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
> Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
> In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.[1]

St. Albans was the scene of a formidable riot in 1265, the year of the struggle between King Henry III. and Simon de Montfort. Gregory de Stokes, the Constable of Hertford, was beheaded by the men of St. Albans, and

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[1] *Richard II.*, Act iii., Scene 4.

his head stuck over the city gates. For this, St. Albans had to pay to the King a fine of a hundred marks—about £1,500 of our present currency. "The townsmen," naively says a modern writer, "were at this time in a very excitable condition."

About A.D. 1380, the internal troubles that eventually led to the deposition and death of poor Richard II. affected Hertfordshire greatly. "The townsmen," we are told, "appealed in vain to the King and his justiciars, and waylaid the Queen on her passage to the Abbey to lay their complaints before her. When the widespread popular discontent found vent in the Wat Tyler and Jack Straw risings, the men of St. Albans were only too ready to join in them. In 1381, with one William Grindecobbe as leader, the townsmen rose on the Abbot, and forced from him a formal discharge from 'all services and customary labours,' and the surrender of various muniments and deeds of service. The townsmen put themselves in communication with the rebel priest, John Ball, and Walsingham gives a curious letter which Ball sent to the town. It was directed to John Nameless, John the Miller, and John Carter, and 'biddeth him that thei ware of gyle in borugh and stondith togiddir in Goddis name, and biddeth Peres Ploughman go to his worke and chastise well Hobbe the robber, and taketh with you Johan Treweman and all his felaws, and no mo.'"

> Johan the Miller hath ygrownde, smal, smal, smal,
> The Kingis sone of hevene shall pay for alle.
> Be ware or ye be wo,
> Knoweth your frende fro youre foo,
> Haveth ynowe, and seythe *Hoo:*
> And seketh pees, and holde therynne.
> And so biddeth Johan Trewman and all his felawes.

This revolutionary outbreak was suppressed by Richard II. in person, and John Ball was taken to St. Albans, and there hanged, drawn, and quartered in the market place. "Four of the chief burgesses, and

about eighty of less mark, were committed to prison, but eventually pardoned." Every concession made by the Abbot was revoked, and on St. Margaret's Day "all the Commons and the County" over fifteen years of age were made to appear before King Richard in the Great Hall of the Abbey and take the oath of allegiance and fealty.

Next we come to the fifteenth century and the Wars of the Roses—a period of surpassing interest in Hertfordshire history. No fewer than three great battles of that unhappy time were contested on this county's soil—the battle of St. Albans, the battle of Barnard's Heath (also known as the second battle of St. Albans), and the crowning triumph of the Yorkist cause at Barnet Field in 1471. It has been thought well to treat these stirring and fascinating scenes separately and at considerable length in the present volume.

Many of the kings of England have visited St. Albans, and after the battle of Poictiers, King John of France was a prisoner in the Abbey.

The original Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, was erected by George Nevil, Archbishop of York, and brother of the famous "king-making" Earl of Warwick. Here the Archbishop—who may, I think, be justly criticised for pitching his domestic tent so far from his diocese—frequently (one account which we have before us says "constantly") entertained King Edward IV., who granted him the "Manor of Moor." It was during one of these numerous visits into Hertfordshire that Edward narrowly escaped being assassinated or kidnapped—an event which, however, is touched upon in another place. The Archbishop died in 1476—of grief, as is supposed, for having been committed to the Tower by the ungrateful Edward in consequence of the disaffection of the Earl of Warwick, his brother—for which, surely, His Grace of York was not responsible. The Manor of the Moor continued to be held by the Crown until the reign of Henry VII., who sold

it to the Earl of Oxford, the latter having led the van of Richmond's army at Bosworth Field. The last great historic figure associated with the history of Moor Park is the sternly pathetic one of Cardinal Wolsey, whose saddle is preserved there. The reader will, however, find a separate paper devoted to the history and traditions of Moor Park.

In Tudor times, Queen Elizabeth frequently journeyed into Hertfordshire, to be the guest of the Earl of Essex at Cassiobury, and also to visit Theobalds, where "the Queene laye, at Lord Burghley's charge, sometimes three weeks and a month together." To Theobalds also came her successor, James I., who used it as a royal residence; while Hatfield—the birthright of the Cecil family, and one of Hertfordshire's noblest possessions—really dates from the days of Elizabeth's illustrious Chancellor.

It is asserted that Oliver Cromwell slept at the Old White Horse Hostelrie, near St. Albans, where, in the nave of the venerable abbey, it is authenticated that "Old Noll" quartered his buff-clad and sour-visaged troopers; and a few miles away, in Cheshunt's old palace, died Richard Cromwell, weak son of a great sire. He lingered here for some time after relinquishing his brief and feeble tenure of the Protectorate, to die in an obscure retirement, where none save a few cronies deemed it expedient to visit him.

In the Basing House at Rickmansworth dwelt for a time William Penn and his wife, and Penn scratched his name on one of the windows, with the date "1676." In 1675, Richard Baxter preached at Rickmansworth, and entered into a warm religious controversy with Penn, of which Baxter's own considerably biassed account says: "The country about Rickmansworth abounding with Quakers, because William Penn, their captain, dwelleth there, I was desirous that the poor people should for once hear what was to be said for their recovery, which coming to Mr. Penn's ears, he was forward to a meeting,

where we continued speaking to two rooms full of people, fasting, from ten o'clock till five: one lord, two knights, and four conformable ministers, beside others, being present, some all the time, some part. The success gave me great cause to believe that it was not labour lost."

With the Restoration of the House of Stuart in the person of Charles II. came the "Rye House Plot," which the reader will find treated in a paper dealing with the celebrated Rye House on the river Lea. It is by no means the least important of the many contributions made by this county to England's history.

Hertfordshire is able to claim two famous eighteenth century poets in Dr. Edward Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, and William Cowper. The latter was a Hertfordshire man by birth, while Edward Young, though not born within the confines of the shire, penned his *magnum opus* on Hertfordshire soil, as related in our chapter on Worthies of the County.

We find dear old Izaak Walton moralising upon matters piscatorial as he prepares to cast his magic rod into one of the well-stocked streams of this familiar fishing country. Thus, then, the *Compleat Angler*:—

PISCATOR: You are well overtaken, gentlemen; a good morning to you both; I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning.

VENATOR: Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hodsden, and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me.

That "friend or two" live again, let us hope, under the style and title of the Old Waltonian Angling Club, who fish one or two of the streams of Hertfordshire, at the same time that they fittingly immortalise—if any such immortalisation were needed—"Old Izaak's" connexion with the county that we love.

Coming to the nineteenth century and the Victorian

era, Hertfordshire sheltered from time to time at least four Prime Ministers of England in Melbourne, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Salisbury. But of these, the late Marquess of Salisbury belonged more essentially to the county herself, by right of his birth and home at Hatfield, the cradle of the Cecil family. Diplomacy, during the same period, was represented by Lord Clarendon at The Grove, Watford, and by the Earl of Lytton at Knebworth. In Bulwer Lytton, however, literature had a greater representative than had statesmanship, and few Hertfordshire people can read without a thrill of pardonable pride in the county of their birth, those memorable scenes in Bulwer Lytton's *Last of the Barons*, wherein he depicts with such wealth of local detail the last stand and death of Warwick the King-maker on Barnet Common.

George Eliot, too, resided at Rickmansworth while more than one of her immortal romances was in the making; and close to the same spot one of the greatest soldiers of the Victorian Epoch, Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell), spent part of the brief autumn of his days. Our county likewise claims Gerald Massey, the poet in whose work some critics have discovered merits not unworthy to rank with the Swinburnian muse. And last, but scarcely least, we have to make mention of the Baron de Rothschild, of Tring Park, which his taste and the power of his wealth united to transform into a veritable fairyland and palace of delight, even though it was already one of the most charming spots on the Hertfordshire borderland.

HERTFORD CASTLE

By the Rev. Canon Benham, D.D., F.S.A.

HERTFORD is not an important town, as compared with other shire capitals; but it is very picturesque and quaint, mediæval of aspect, and with pretty neighbourhood, and, considering how near it is to London, it seems to me rather neglected. It must be confessed that it is not the easiest place in the world of access.

Hertford is an ancient town. It was known to the Romans, and was a place of great importance in the time of the Saxons. A record which should specially interest us is that on the 24th of September, 673, Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, convened a great national council at Hertford, and with a strong purpose. England was still divided into several kingdoms, and the Church was not unlike it. There were Welsh Bishops, there were Bishops in the North who followed the uses of the Churches founded by Aidan and other Scottish missionaries, and Theodore desired to have uniformity of practice and organic unity of the whole Church of England. Two kings of the Heptarchy attended the council, so did the Bishops of Rochester, Winchester, and Mercia (middle England), and other prelates, mitred abbots, and nobles of the realm. The Archbishop called upon them to realise how much stronger the Church would be as a missionary Church, if all would agree to be governed by the ancient Canons. This principle being acquiesced in, he produced a book containing ten Canons

HERTFORD CASTLE.

which he judged essential. It was subscribed without murmur, and thus old controversies and strifes were brought to an end. From this Council we reckon the unity of the Church of England. The Bishops in the several kingdoms promised canonical obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and thus a good example was set, which deeply moved all the people in the country, and directly led to the unity of the nation as well as of the Church. Archbishop Theodore, therefore, had very much to do with the gathering of Angles, and Saxons, and Jutes, into one nation, which has lasted to this day.

In the year 905, Edward the Elder built Hertford Castle. He was a great king, but is somewhat eclipsed by the greatness of his father, Alfred. That king, after much fighting, had come to a settlement with the Danes, and gave up to them the land of Eastern England. The arrangement was partially successful. They became Christians, and mixed with the people; but there were fresh arrivals, and King Edward had to see to it that he might make his kingdom secure; and this is how he came to build Hertford Castle, and to fortify the town, which from that time quietly prospered. In Domesday Book it is given as containing a hundred and forty-six burgesses.

William the Conqueror, according to his usual method, gave the castle to one of his Norman knights, Peter de Valoignes, who married Albreda, sister of Dapifer, Henry I.'s steward. What happened in so many cases happened in this: their descendants went on for several generations, till there was only a daughter left. By law, the King had the disposal of her in marriage, and in the case before us, King John gave Gurona, the Valoignes heiress, to a powerful baron named Robert Fitzwalter. I need not say that those were troublous times. Fitzwalter was not hindered by any feeling of personal obligation from joining the rebellious barons in resisting John's tyranny, and therefore the King seized the castle,

and gave it to one of his partisans, Walter de Godarvil. This was the year of Magna Charta. Next year the King died, and the country was at that moment under invasion; for the angry barons, seeing that the King had no intention of keeping the Charta, invited the King of France to take the kingdom. He sent over his son, Lewis, who was actually marching through England when the false king died. Among his other successes he laid siege to Hertford Castle on St. Martin's Day, November 11th, 1216. Walter de Godarvil defended it with obstinate valour, and made great slaughter among the French; but he was outnumbered, and on St. Nicholas' Day (December 6th) he had to surrender the castle.

Then Robert Fitzwalter, whom John had dispossessed, made claim that it should be restored to him. But Lewis replied that he had been a traitor to his King, and could not be trusted now; nevertheless, after he had subdued the kingdom, he would reconsider the matter, and do justice to everybody. That time of subjugation never came, for the English nobles returned to their allegiance, and Lewis went off in dudgeon.

Then King Henry III. gave it to Gilbert Seagrave, who had served the office of High Sheriff both of Herts and Essex. But for a while the gift was not in fee-simple: it was a tenancy for life only, and several holders are named. In the thirty-second year of his reign Henry gave it in permanence to his half-brother, William de Valence, who took advantage of the opportunity to make a violent entry into the park of Hatfield, then belonging to the Bishop of Ely. He hunted the park very effectively, and killed many deer; then he paid his attentions to the palace itself, invited himself to a luxurious banquet, broke open the cellar doors, and, after he and his companions had regaled themselves on the choicest wines till they could drink no more, they pulled the spigots out of the casks, scoffed at the hapless domestics,

and reeled away to sleep themselves sober. Matthew Paris tells it all: it is a characteristic specimen of the lawlessness of King Henry III.'s reign. When King John died, his widow, who apparently had been as faithless to him as he had been to her, married one of her old lovers, Hugh, Count of la Marche, and by him had five sons: one was this William de Valence whose heroic deed I have just described. Another notable episcopal appointment of this monarch will be remembered: Boniface of Savoy, the uncle of Henry's Queen, Eleanor, was made Archbishop of Canterbury. It was he who built the beautiful chapel of Lambeth Palace in expiation of his outrageous conduct towards the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

The rich monument of William de Valence in Westminster Abbey can no more hide his deeds of violence than can that of his son Aymer. They are two of the most lovely of the thousand attractions of Westminster Abbey. Aymer's, too, was a life on which it is not a delight to dwell, and there is no need here to do so. He died childless, though thrice married; his widow gave up Hertford Castle into the hands of the Crown. In the days of Edward III. it had three royal occupants. One recoils from the wickedness of Edward II. and his infamous companions, and no less from the selfish heartlessness of his wretched Queen, Isabella, the "she-wolf." After her young son, Edward III., had succeeded in emancipating himself from her evil rule, he had the good feeling to hush up her shame, made her a competent allowance, and gave her Hertford Castle to dwell in. She died here on August 23rd, 1358. More honourable tenants were David, King of Scotland, and John of France, who were for a while imprisoned here in 1348. Edward II. gave the castle to his celebrated son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and from him it came direct to his son, Henry IV., who gave it to his second wife, Joan of Navarre. She lived here a good deal after his

death in 1431, and for a while was friendly with his son, Henry V., but presently things went wrong. It is impossible to state with certainty what was the truth. But it seems clear that her children by her first husband, the Duke of Brittany, were unfavourable to Henry's designs of French conquest. She had no children by the second, and her sympathies were all French. She was accused of attempting her step-son's death by the arts of witchcraft and sorcery, and was placed for some years in confinement. Henry V., as we know, married Katherine of Valois, and she was crowned at Westminster, after which the King settled the castle and borough of Hertford upon her. The Chronicle tells of high jinks held here in those days.

Henry V. died, leaving a baby son, who, while only a child of seven, kept Easter, 1429, with much ceremony at Hertford. In the nineteenth year of his reign he confirmed to the burgesses of Hertford and their successors a right which Edward III. had granted them of holding a market in Hertford every Thursday and Saturday, on which days no other market was to be held within seven miles; and if any corn or merchandise should be sold at Ware, the same should be seized by the bailiffs of Hertford and confiscated. In the twenty-third year of his reign he married the formidable Margaret of Anjou, and conferred this castle and town upon her. From time to time she held grand courts at the castle, and by her charter, dated 30 Henry VI., she ordained that the horse fair should be held in such place within the town as the bailiffs and constables should judge most convenient.

The mention of the Wars of the Roses must not alarm the reader. They occurred; and Hertfordshire, not to its joy, had more than one fair field laid desolate for the time being in the course of them. Henry VI. had to give place to the rival House of York, and still death continued to hold his feasts of blood. Passing on through the reigns of Edwards IV. and V., we come to Richard III.

Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was the chief agent in putting Richard on the throne. He was at that time the most powerful noble in England, and Richard, recognising this, showered gifts upon him; among them he gave him Hertford Castle, along with the title of Constable of England. At Richard's coronation his retinue eclipsed all others in magnificence. Yet within a month he was plotting against the King. The reasons are unknown. The young princes had been shut up in the Tower at his recommendation; some think that he was shocked at learning that Richard meant to kill them; others that he realised how strongly public opinion revolted against what was being done. Others, again (*e.g.*, Professor Gairdner), think that he had such ambitious views that he was turning over in his mind the possibility of claiming the crown for himself, as being descended from John of Gaunt and Katherine Swynford. It was whilst he was thus musing that the murder of the two boys in the Tower took place, and Buckingham led off the proposal that Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, should marry Elizabeth of York, and, by uniting the two rival houses, bring peace. We know that this plan was carried out successfully, but Buckingham did not live to see it. He gathered an army for Henry in Herefordshire; King Richard issued a proclamation calling him "a traitor, the most untrue creature living"; his army deserted him, and he fled into hiding, but was discovered, carried to Salisbury, and beheaded in the market-place on Sunday (!), November 2nd, 1483.

When the Earl of Richmond at length obtained the crown, Hertford Castle was his of right, as belonging to the House of Lancaster, and it remained the property of the Crown until King Charles I., in 1631, granted it to William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, his heirs and assigns for ever. To his family it belongs still.

Such is the outline of the history of Hertford Castle which I have been able rapidly to gather together. It

is now a handsome modern house to look at, with pleasant gardens and grounds. Outside there is the moat, deep and wide; and there are ruined walls in plenty, all most picturesque. It is rented now on rather a curious tenure. The tenant is understood (not, I believe, by any legal deed, but by courtesy) to sub-let the place to the county for the use of the judges when the assizes are held. I have even heard how much he receives by his sub-letting; but as this would be mere gossip, I need not repeat the figures. But I saw the High Sheriff escort His Majesty's judge with a guard of militia and blare of trumpets, and land him within the castle, which is his residence so long as any prisoners remain to be tried or civil disputes remain unsettled. It was an interesting sight; so it was to see the judge go forth to divine service at church before undertaking his solemn duties.

SAINT ALBAN, BRITON AND PROTOMARTYR

By the Editor

TO Hertfordshire belongs the honour of having given birth, as well as death, to "the first who died for the faith in England." Albanus was born near Verulamium, in the third century, of Pagan parentage. During his adolescence he paid a visit to the Eternal City, and there joined the Roman army. By a coincidence as fatal as it was remarkable, he entered the army controlled by that fierce tyrant, Diocletian, under whose persecution he was destined to die. The young soldier returns to Britain, and during the stormy period of Diocletian's persecution of the Christians there, he affords protection and shelter to one Amphibalus, a Christian deacon flying from torture and death. Alban not only receives the fugitive into his house (thereby incurring a fatal risk), but is by him converted to the true faith.

Anon came the officers of Diocletian to search the house, whereupon the noble-minded Alban changed clothes with Amphibalus. Being dragged before the Roman governor "in that clergyman's robe," Alban was commanded to advance to the altar, and make sacrifice to the pagan deities. As he refused, and steadfastly affirmed himself (though unbaptised) to be a Christian,[1] he was ordered to be first scourged, and then beheaded. En route

[1] My name is Alban, and I worship the only true and living God.—*Bede.*

to the place of execution (continues the legend), Alban miraculously *dried up a river* (the Ver) when the crowd congested the bridge, and he also introduced a fountain in order to assuage his thirst.

Arrived at the place of execution, says the Venerable Bede, the intended executioner is suddenly converted to Christianity, and begs permission to die either with Alban or *for* him. He was permitted to die *with* him. All accounts agree that the martyr suffered death by decapitation. The year of the occurrence was probably A.D. 303 or 304; but others quote A.D. 283 and 284; while Foxe gives June 22nd, 287. June 22nd is the generally-accepted date, known to the English Church as "St. Alban's Day." Gildas, writing in 560, says the event occurred under Diocletian in 304. Eusebius, Lactantius, and Sozomen deny that there was any persecution under the Emperor Constantius. Geoffrey of Monmouth connects Alban's name with the city of Caerleon. The remains of the martyr were first interred at Ely. "St. Alban of Britain and Gildas, St. Patrick, and St. Petroc, are the four British saints who find entrance into Saxon and early Continental calendars." St. Albans Cathedral was founded by the pious Saxon King Offa in the year 793, as near the supposed scene of the martyrdom as possible.

That scene is described by Bede with an accuracy "which was evidently derived from personal observation of the hill of St. Albans, whose gentle slopes, clothed with flowers, delighted the imagination of the venerable monk of Jarrow." But the Italian poet writes of Alban two centuries before Bede. By the one, Alban himself is said to have bestowed the name Amphibalus—literally, "man in the cloak"—upon the fugitive whom he sheltered. Another account declares Alban to have been "a young Roman of good family and of the ancient religion." And Milton "the brief" informs us that—

> Diocletian, having hitherto successfully used his valour against the enemies of his empire, uses now his bloody rage in a persecution against

his obedient and harmless Christian subjects; from the feeling whereof, neither was this island, though most remote, far enough removed. Among them here who suffered gloriously, Aron (*sic*) and Julius, of Caerleon upon Usk, but chiefly Alban, of Verulam, were most renowned: the story of whose martyrdom, soiled and worse martyred with the fabling zeal of some idle fancies, more fond of miracles than apprehensive of truth, deserves not longer digression.

Amphibalus appears to have shared Alban's fate at Redbourne, four miles from St. Albans. The author of *Cathedral Churches* states that Alban was buried "at the place of doom," that his ashes were solemnly exhumed during the visit to England of Germanus of Auxerre and Lupus of Troyes, and that "a little wooden chapel" was erected on the spot.

Another contemporary account which I have been enabled to consult states that—

Alban was a native of Verulam, one of the most populous cities in Roman Britain, where he held military rank. When Diocletian's persecution extended to Britain, Alban was yet a heathen; but having sheltered a Christian priest, who was striving to escape persecution, was by him converted to the Truth. The Roman Governor, hearing that the priest was concealed in Alban's house, sent soldiers to take him. When Alban, having secured the priest's retreat, presented himself in the dress of his late guest, he was led before the Governor, scourged, and then beheaded —after his saintly demeanour had won another convert to the Gospel, in the person of the soldier appointed to behead him. The noble church which bears his name was founded at the place of his Martyrdom, by Offa, King of Mercia, in 793, in the room of one which had been destroyed by the pagan Saxons. Part of Offa's work still remains, and there are few spots so interesting to the English Christian as St. Albans Abbey. The Romish Church celebrates his memory on June 22nd—the Church of England on June 17th.

There is a Latin poem on the life of St. Alban from the pen of Robert Dunstable, about A.D. 1145; it is in two books, in elegiac verse. Foxe, in his monumental work on martyrology, says that Alban was "of a very humane disposition"—evidence which, surely, all must endorse.

Dean Spence's *History of the Church of England*

adds nothing whatever new to the story of St. Alban. The Dean says:—

> The scene of the trial was a striking one. Led into the presence of the Imperial magistrate, who was sitting surrounded by all the stately insignia with which Rome was in the habit of investing her great officers, the altar of sacrifice before him, the statue of the Emperor and the images of the gods were solemnly brought into the magistrate's presence; the incense and the wine to accompany the supplication were placed ready. The soldier Alban was then charged with the grave offence of attempting to conceal a proscribed and sacrilegious rebel against the Emperor. Alban not only refused to betray the hiding-place of his guest, but publicly declared that he too was one of the proscribed Christians.

The Dean of Gloucester's picture is a graphic one, but it *is* a fancy picture after all.

Alban seems to have been one of the principal citizens of Verulamium.

> Though a stranger to the Christian faith, he was hospitable and compassionate, and in recompense of his charitable disposition God was pleased to conduct him to the light of the Gospel and to discover to him the inestimable jewel of immortal life. He was yet a Pagan when the edicts of the emperors against the Christians began to be put rigorously in execution in Britain. A certain clergyman, called by some writers Amphibalus, sought by flight to escape the fury of the persecutors, and Alban afforded him a shelter. . . . Our saint was much edified by the holy deportment of this stranger, and admired his faith and piety, and in particular his assiduity in prayer, in which the faithful servant of God watched night and day. Alban was soon engaged to listen to his wholesome admonitions and instructions, and in a short time became a Christian. And with such ardour did he open his spirit to the divine grace, that he was at once filled with the perfect spirit of this holy religion.

From this it will be perceived that, as far as can be ascertained by researches in every direction, St. Alban directly came under Christian influences for the first time when, out of his pure kindliness of heart, he sheltered the fugitive Amphibalus in his house at Verulam. If for no other reason than this, the British proto-martyr is entitled to one of the highest places in the long roll of the blessed saints who were also martyrs for the Church of Christ.

The Shrine, St. Albans Abbey.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE POPE

By F. A. Lumbye

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE was born towards the close of the reign of William Rufus, or in the early years of the reign of Henry I., about A.D. 1100. His father, Robert Breakspeare, *alŝ.* De Camera, seems to have belonged to a family which was seated at Harefield, near Uxbridge, where there is a mansion and park called "Breakspeares," and also where there was, on the banks of the River Colne, a camera or preceptory named "Moor Hall," belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which there are still some remains. Robert Breakspeare afterwards became a monk at St. Albans Abbey, where he was "camerarius," or chamberlain. Either the camera or his office was probably the reason for his second name. The presumably elder branch of the family owned "Breakspeares" from very early times, but became extinct in the male line in 1430, when the heiress, Margaret Breakspeare, married George Assheby. The property remained in this family until 1769, when it again passed, by an heiress, into the Partridge family, and from them, through another heiress, to the present possessor, Mr. Tarleton.

It seems probable that other descendants of the Breakspeares who still exist in Hertfordshire and Middlesex belong to the Pope's family. At the consecration of the Catholic Church at Watford a few years ago, the mason who assisted at the placing of the relics in the altars was named Nicholas Brakspeare. He is a Catholic,

and, I believe, lives at Abbots Langley. Also, in 1818, Pope Pius VII. offered the title of a Roman Count to Mr. W. H. Breakspeare, who died at Henley in 1882 (*Notes and Queries*, seventh series, Vol. I., 1886), but the offer was refused on religious grounds, as the family were Protestants. This gentleman's sister, Elizabeth, married the Comte de Savatte, and resided in France. She sheltered many Legitimists in her house in 1832, after the unsuccessful rising of the Duchess de Berri.

The constant tradition of the neighbourhood is that the Pope was born in a house now called "Breakspeares," at Bedmond or Bedmont, a hamlet of Abbots Langley. In a letter to Monsignor Casartelli from Mr. T. Armstrong, a local resident, dated June 17th, 1898, the writer states:—

> The building on the outskirts of the hamlet of Bedmond, in the parish of Abbots Langley, which is called Brakespeare's, is held to be the place where Adrian IV. was born. It is known that he was born in the parish, and I think the tradition with regard to this particular spot may be accepted. The building is of brick, and is now divided into two or three cottage dwellings. It is not probable that any part of it is of the date of the Pope's birth, though pictures of the interior seem to be older than the outside walls, which are comparatively modern.

Mr. Armstrong had a water-colour painting made of it; he presented it to Pope Leo XIII., who ordered it to be placed in the Vatican. It seems probable that Robert Breakspeare may have been a younger son of the then proprietor of Harefield, and therefore had left there, and taken up his dwelling at Abbots Langley.

The youth Nicholas seems to have received his early education at the St. Albans Monastery. "William of Newburgh" states that—

> . . . He frequented the monastery daily for his bare subsistence; this so enraged his father that he fell to taunting his son bitterly for his laziness, and at last drove him indignantly away, destitute of means.

Another account states that he sought admission to the community as a monk, but was rejected by the abbot

on account of his youth, ignorance, or poverty. When he next visited St. Albans Abbey he was Cardinal, Bishop of Albano, and Papal Legate.

Bitterly disappointed at his rejection, and utterly destitute, but full of ardour for study, he begged his way through London, past Rochester and Canterbury, to Dover, from whence he obtained a passage to France, and made his way to Paris, where he, for a time, studied in the University there, then the most famous seat of European learning. After a few years, probably about 1125, he left Paris and proceeded southwards, across the Rhine, to Arles; where he also frequented the celebrated schools of that city. He seems also, for a time, to have been in a monastery of the White Canons of St. Norbert, or Premonstratensians. He afterwards went northwards to Avignon, where he obtained admission, at first in a menial position, to the Abbey of the Canons Regular of St. Rufus, the ruins of which are still visible near Avignon, it having been destroyed by the Calvinist Huguenots in 1562. St. Rufus was the son of St. Simon of Cyrene. According to one tradition, he was a companion of St. Mary Magdalene, St. Martha, St. Lazarus, and St. Joseph of Arimathea in the boat without sails, oars, or rudder, in which they were placed by the Jews, which drifted from Palestine to the south of France. Another tradition says that St. Rufus went with St. Paul to Rome, and is mentioned in the Epistle to the Romans (xvi. 13). However, both traditions agree that he was the first Bishop of Avignon. The Order of St. Rufus was founded in 1039 by some canons who seceded from the Cathedral of Avignon because the discipline had become relaxed. It had at one time many houses in France and other countries, and also in the East in Crusading times, but afterwards it seems to have fallen into decay, and become relaxed in discipline. It was for a time united to the Order of St. Lazarus, and was finally suppressed in 1773 by Pope Clement XIV., who seems

to have had a partiality for suppressing Orders; but it is probable that it would not have survived the storm of the French Revolution even if he had not done so. It was an Order of Canons Regular, following the rule of St. Augustine; the habit was white, something like the Norbertines, but with a sash from the right shoulder to the left side, similar to a deacon's stole or the grand cross ribbon of an order.

In this monastery Nicholas stayed for some years. "William of Newburgh" says that—

> By every means in his power he strove to ingratiate himself with the abbot and brothers, and being a man of much personal beauty, cheerful in spirit, cautious of speech, and always obedient to authority, he succeeded in pleasing everyone.

After two or three years he was admitted into the Order, and the Abbot dying in 1137, the brethren unanimously elected Nicholas as his successor. The discipline having become relaxed, the new abbot restored the rigid original rules, and soon became unpopular. The consequence was a serious mutiny in the monastery, which culminated in two appeals to Rome, carried by Abbot Breakspeare himself and a deputation of the hostile monks. The pontiff at the time was Blessed Eugenius III., the friend and disciple of St. Bernard, whose family name was Bernardi. [I am inclined to think, but am not quite certain, that a scion of this family in after times met with great misfortunes in England, being imprisoned in Newgate, for loyalty to his legitimate sovereign, from 1696 to his death in 1736.] At the first deputation, the Pope effected a reconciliation between the Abbot and his unruly monks, the litigants returning home in peace; but very shortly the disaffection broke out worse than ever. The second appeal to the Holy See, in 1146, had a very different ending. The Pope said to the monks, with some severity:—

> I know, brethren, where the seat of Satan lieth; I know what has stirred up this tempest among you. Depart; choose for yourselves one

with whom you can be, or rather are minded to be, at peace; for this one shall no longer be a burden to you.

The canons departed, and the Pope retained Breakspeare at his own court. Monsignor Casartelli says:—

The startling and dramatic sequel is eloquent testimony to the keen penetration of character and promptitude of action of the Cistercian Pope; for almost immediately he raised Nicholas at one bound to well-nigh the highest dignity which it was in his power to bestow, creating him straightway one of the six Cardinal Bishops with the suburbican title of Albano.

It is believed that Cardinal Breakspeare accompanied the Pope to Paris in 1147, when Blessed Eugenius III. went to give the cross to King Louis VII. on the eve of the second Crusade. In 1152 the Pope appointed the Cardinal Apostolic Legate to the Scandinavian kingdoms, where his name is writ large in their annals, and where, until the Reformation, he was revered as saint and apostle.

Pope Anastasius IV. died on December 2nd, 1154. The day after his death the Conclave met in St. Peter's, and immediately, with unanimous voice, elected Nicholas Breakspeare, the English Cardinal, to be his successor. Boso Breakspeare relates that he at first refused the office, but all the clergy and laity alike, taking no heed of his words, shouted: "Pope Adrian, elected by God!"

The great crisis of Adrian's pontificate was his struggle with the Emperor of Germany, Frederic Barbarossa, who was advancing towards Rome at the head of a powerful army. Negotiations ensued between the Pope and the Emperor, which resulted in the capture of Arnold of Brescia by the Emperor's troops, and his imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo. An agreement was made that Frederic should swear to protect the Pope and Cardinals against aggression, to uphold the papal dignity, and not to usurp any of its functions. In return, the Pope promised to meet the Emperor, and escort him in state to Rome for his coronation. During the absence of the

Pope from Rome, the governor of the castle of St. Angelo, fearing a revolt in the city in favour of Arnold of Brescia, caused him to be led out on June 18th, 1155, and burnt alive at the stake before the Porta del Popolo.

Adrian IV., on June 9th, 1155, advanced in state from his castle at Nepi to meet the Emperor, riding, as was the Pope's custom, on a white palfrey; but on their meeting, the haughty Emperor refused to dismount and, according to custom, hold the stirrup of the Pope while assisting him to dismount. Adrian calmly kept his seat, and refused to move until the due act of homage had been rendered. Frederic was angrily obdurate, and murmurs arose amongst his soldiers, which so alarmed the Cardinals that they fled, leaving the Pope to face the storm alone. Ultimately, with great dignity he dismounted himself, and allowed the Emperor to conduct him to the seat prepared for him. On this he sat, and allowed Frederic to kneel and kiss his feet; but when Frederic arose to receive in return the kiss of peace, Adrian calmly but firmly declined to give it or to crown the Emperor until full homage had been rendered him, and after a heated argument returned unmolested to Nepi. After his departure, Frederic, whose great ambition was to be crowned in Rome by the Pope, suffered himself to be persuaded by his entourage to yield to the Pontiff's demands. On June 11th, he followed the Pope to Nepi. Adrian once more rode out to meet him, and the haughty Emperor, advancing on foot, took hold of the Pope's stirrup, and helped him to alight. The Pope then embraced him, and gave him the kiss of peace. The Emperor and Pope afterwards entered Rome side by side in triumph, and on June 18th Frederic was solemnly crowned in St. Peter's by Adrian. Immediately afterwards a serious riot broke out in the city, but after a desperate battle Frederic's troops were victorious. Shortly afterwards he and his army departed northwards, and at Tivoli Pope and Emperor separated with mutual

expressions of goodwill, though the peace between them was of a hollow kind. "So," says Monsignor Casartelli, "ended the first round in the mighty struggle between Empire and Papacy, and it must be admitted that Adrian had had the best of the contest."

As soon as Adrian's election became known in England, King Henry II., who had just ascended the throne, sent a deputation, consisting of the Abbot of St. Albans and three bishops, to offer his congratulations to the English Pontiff. They carried with them many rich gifts. His Holiness received them with every expression of goodwill, and showed them signal honour. He good humouredly remarked to the Abbot of St. Albans:—

I refuse to accept your gifts, since when I once fled to the shelter of your religious house, and begged to be invested with the monk's hood, you refused to accept me.

The Abbot replied:—

My Lord, we could never have taken you in, for God, in His all-seeing wisdom, willed it otherwise, since He had set apart your life for a higher position.

The Pope was highly pleased with these words, and responded:—

An elegant and a courteous reply, but, my dearest abbot, pray ask out boldly for what you want; you know that the Bishop of Albano could never refuse anything to St. Albans.

The Abbot obtained from him the exemption of the monastery from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lincoln, and other favours.

Shortly after the departure of the Emperor from Rome Adrian became involved in another difficult and dangerous contest with the Norman King, William of Sicily. Just one year before, William had caused himself to be crowned King at Palermo without previously obtaining the papal sanction. This was an act of rebellion, as the Holy See claimed then, and claims now, the feudal overlordship

of Southern Italy. On Adrian's accession, William sent the customary congratulations; but Adrian was not the man to brook any diminution of the rights of his office, and he promptly declined to recognise William, who replied by an invasion of papal territory. Adrian at once excommunicated him, and though William paid at first little heed to the censure, the offer of the Greek Emperor of Constantinople to form an alliance with the Pope against him alarmed him, and after long negotiations, on June 9th, 1156, he submitted, and did homage and swore fealty to the Holy See, being then absolved from his excommunication and confirmed in his kingdom.

Adrian's last days were darkened by a fresh and more serious conflict with the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, who had divorced his childless wife and taken a fresh one. In 1157 two Cardinal Legates were insulted in the Emperor's presence by Otho von Wittelsbach and other nobles, and were driven ignominiously out of the country. Frederic afterwards invaded Italy a second time, and endeavoured to become the despot of the whole of Italy. He sacked Milan and other cities, and appointed a new Archbishop of Ravenna without the consent of the Pope. Adrian dauntlessly upheld the rights of the Church and the Holy See, and prepared for war. He fortified and strengthened his own castles. Adrian also forwarded an ultimatum to the Emperor, demanding that he should recognise the absolute dominion of the Pope in Rome, and that other portions of the Papal States which had been seized should be given up. Frederic returned a procrastinating reply, demanding a conference, but this Adrian refused. The Pope also sent a fiery letter to the Archbishop and electors of Germany, in which he commended them for their faithfulness to the Holy See. Mr. Tarleton says:—

> Having delivered himself of this message, Adrian prepared to excommunicate the Emperor. The man was ready. He was on the point of opening the campaign and waging a war to the knife in support of the

claims of the Church, when the summons came to him that his day's work was over, and his earthly troubles at an end. No more was Christendom to hear his powerful voice, no more was the Church to feel his strong support. Frederic for the time was to be freed. Overtaken at Anagui by an attack of quinsy, the great Pope, the true honest man, breathed his last on the 1st September, 1159. He died at his post, a glorious representative of the Church militant, face to the foe, upholding the standard of his Master, faithful to his principles, staunch to his supporters, and above all, true to himself.

It has been asserted that he was poisoned, but this theory never had a shadow of evidence to support it. The Emperor's party invented a silly tale that he was choked, while drinking, by a fly. This idle story is frequently found in modern books whose writers ought to know better.

His body was taken to Rome, and buried in a red marble sarcophagus in the nave of the old basilica of St. Peter's. In 1607 it was removed to the new basilica, and is now in the crypt of St. Peter's in a large sarcophagus of red marble, with the deer's skull—the sign of St. Albans—and two roses to represent England, in bas-relief, with the simple inscription: "Hadrianus Papa IIII." On the occasion of the translation the body was exhumed, and was found, together with the pontificals in which it was arrayed, incorrupt.

On the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, 1904, being the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the election of Pope Adrian IV. to the See of St. Peter, a small party, including myself, visited Bedmond and Abbots Langley. The nave of the church at Abbots Langley is Norman work, and probably dates from the Pope's time; but there is no doubt that he was baptised either in the present building or a previous one on the same site, Domesday Book stating that there was a church there. On our arrival at the picturesque hamlet of Bedmond we visited the house where tradition says the great Pontiff was born. It is now much modernised, but I am inclined to think that possibly in the foundations there might be some

remains of the original structure. Notwithstanding that the English people seem content to allow the memory of Adrian IV. to be consigned to oblivion, he is not forgotten in his native village. The house is called "Breakspeares," and in the grounds attached to it there is a holy well, the water of which is of great repute in the neighbourhood for the cure of bad eyes; we were informed that the people came from miles round to visit it. It seems a pity that some effort is not made to acquire the Pope's house, and to preserve it as a memorial of the great illustrious Englishman, who alone of our race has occupied the throne of St. Peter at Rome.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN

By the Rev. Woolmore Wigram, Canon of St. Albans

Abbey, A.D. 790—Parish Church, 1539—Cathedral, 1877

THE Abbey of St. Alban was the nucleus around which the town grew; the two together have been associated in a manner truly remarkable with nearly every great epoch of English history. The Roman, the Saxon, and the Norman nations have all left their mark here. St. Albans was connected with the very first introduction of Christianity into this island, about the year 300; with two religious persecutions, each organised by the government of the day—the Diocletian and the Marian; with two civil wars, in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries; one peasant rising, in the fourteenth century; two terrible visitations of pestilence—the leprosy and the Black Death; with the whole of that lengthy and complicated development of national life described as the "monastic system" and the "feudal system"; finally, St. Albans maintained a grammar school from a very early period, possibly from the tenth century; it owned a school of historians in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and the printing press, the third set up in England, was at work here in 1480.

The outlook from the west front of the great church recalls these past centuries in a very striking manner. Towards the south-west the ground falls directly to the little river Ver; on the opposite slope are the remains of

Verulamium, the Roman successor of a British stronghold yet more ancient; the two hills are connected by a causeway, clearly artificial, across the marsh and the Ver, blocking its stream so as to form a lake on the northern face of the Roman town, and to provide a road for its garrison to the country beyond. It was along this causeway, as is believed, that St. Alban walked to his death; and without doubt, Baeda's description accords altogether with the shape of the ground, and the distance from the centre of the church to the causeway where it crosses the stream (as measured in a straight line upon the Ordnance map) agrees with his figures exactly.

Towards the west and in the foreground stands the great gateway. It was built by Thomas de la Mare (Abbot 1349-96), in whose time Jack Straw's mob captured the abbey, and destroyed all its charters and other evidence of feudal rights. Beneath this gateway are very large store cellars and prisons; for the Lord Abbot was king within his own boundaries: he possessed all powers, excepting that of coining money; his gallows stood on "No-man's Land," his pillories and stocks wherever they were needed. Since 1870 the gateway has been occupied by the Grammar School.

Adjoining the gateway is "Rome-land," a large open space originally, but portions have been enclosed as a burial-ground and for the use of the school. It is connected very intimately with the second martyr who has died in St. Albans for conscience sake. George Tankerfield was brought hither on August 26th, 1555, during the Marian persecution, and burned alive under circumstances of exceptional cruelty.

Fish-pool Street, long, narrow, and tortuous, climbs up the hill into Rome-land; it witnessed the beginning of the second great battle of St. Albans. The first battle, in 1455, began at the south-east gate of the town, about a quarter of a mile from the Abbey. At the second battle, in 1461, the Lancastrians made their original, but

unsuccessful, attack by the way of St. Michael's Church and Fish-pool Street, across Rome-land.

Two hospitals for lepers were maintained by the abbey—that of St. Julian for men, that of the Pré for women. They stood on the Watling Street, the one to the south, the other to the north of the town, each of them about a mile from the gateway.

THE BUILDING: INTERIOR.

The ground plan preserves unaltered the main structural arrangements of a Benedictine church. The monastic "presbytery and choir" extended from Abbot Walyngforde's high altar screen to the stone rood loft built during the fourteenth century (upon which the organ now stands), and thus comprised what we call the chancel, the transepts, and three bays of the nave, with the aisles. These together form the Cathedral of to-day.

West of the cathedral proper is the great parish church, ten bays in length. East of the great screen come (1) the Saints' Chapel; (2) the retro-choir or ante-chapel; (3) the Lady Chapel; so that the entire building consists of five churches on end; and within its walls with those of the chapter-house, etc., adjoining, there were in 1478 no less than twenty-nine altars and above a hundred tombs.

On the south stood the Monastery, an immense range of buildings, reaching down from the gateway to the modern silk mill, where was the water gate, and on the other side, including the Deanery, etc.; the whole area enclosed by a battlemented wall, which was continued up the hill into the modern High Street.

THE BUILDERS.

Paul of Caen, the first Norman abbot, pulled down all that he found, and rebuilt both church and monastery. He was aided with money by Archbishop Lanfranc; he

used Verulamium as a quarry of Roman bricks, and worked up the materials for a new church provided by the later Saxon abbots, as can be seen in the triforium. The tower, the transepts and twelve arches and a half, west of the tower, are his work.

John de Cella (1195-1214) began to rebuild the abbey church from the western end; but the times were bad, money fell short, the work stopped, the abbot died. His designs were carried on by his immediate successor, William de Trumpington, but at reduced expense and in diminished beauty. The work done by these two men is intermingled very curiously; in each case it is stopped abruptly against, or even runs out over, the work of an older abbot.

John de Hertford (1235-60) altered Paul's Norman apses into an English square east end, and apparently laid the foundations of the Lady Chapel; but it is extremely difficult to trace out the architectural history of this portion of the church.

The five beautiful bays of Decorated work at the eastern end of the nave are due to Hugh d' Eversden and his successor, Michael de Mentmore, in the first half of the fourteenth century; the rebuilding being brought about by the fall of two great columns. Also Abbot Hugh continued the Lady Chapel.

Thomas de la Mare followed (1349-96), and in his days, apparently, the abbey reached its greatest splendour. He built the gateway and the wall of the close; he spent very large sums upon the church and its services; his monks were kept busy upon books and book-binding; his painter, Hugh, was summoned by the King to decorate St. Stephen's, Westminster. He was President of the General Chapter of the Benedictines throughout England.

In the fifteenth century, John de Wheathampstead inserted large Perpendicular windows, which have been removed by later hands; decorated the roof of the presbytery; built the chantry tomb of Humphrey, Duke of

St. Albans Abbey.

Gloucester; and, in an evil hour, altered the Norman triforium west of the tower, as appears by comparing what we now have with the single bay (north of the organ) which he left untouched. We may conjecture that he placed here the "pair of organs" which he gave to the church, and that his windows were intended for stained glass.

William de Walyngforde (1476-84) crowned the work of all his predecessors by building "the great screen," unsurpassed in England, which now stands restored to its original beauty.

The shrines of St. Alban and of St. Amphibalus belong to the fourteenth century. Only three chantry tombs remain, all of late fifteenth century work—those of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and of Abbots Wheathampstead and Ramryge. Almost all the smaller memorials have been destroyed, and the brasses stolen or greatly injured, with the exception, happily, of that of De la Mare. The decorations of walls and roof were beautiful in both thought and execution; but they have suffered, as might be expected.

DESOLATION.

The abbey was surrendered, by its fortieth abbot, to Henry VIII., on December 5th, 1539. St. Albans saw the dark side of the Reformation period: its sacrilege, its oppression, its ruthless plunder, were all felt here in their intensity. The monastery was granted to Sir Richard Lee, and destroyed; its endowments were handed over to court favourites; the church was plundered: its fabric alone was spared, and that because it was bought by the town for £400; the gateway was used as a court-house and prison; the Lady Chapel became a school; a public footpath was made right through the church from north to south (two windows being cut down into open doorways), in the western portion of the Lady Chapel, for

the convenience of the schoolboys, and as a short cut for pedestrians from the Market Place to St. Stephen's. So the sixteenth century passed away.

Its violence was repeated in the seventeenth century, when the great church was used as a military prison for the defeated cavaliers; and the eighteenth century, in its turn, brought the religious apathy and the sordid neglect which were so prevalent throughout the country. Still the church was used for worship; the congregation was sheltered from draughts by that arrangement of pews, galleries, and panelling which was customary at that time, and which hid from sight any defects in the old walls which were unpleasant to recollect. If a window was blown in or any other mischief obtruded itself, the place was bricked up as soon as might be convenient, but the building received no further attention.

THE RESTORATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The work commenced in 1870 revealed startling facts, viz., that in the four great piers below the tower there existed a stratum of inferior mortar, due, probably, to damage by frost or by rain while they were being built originally; that the south wall of the long nave was more than two feet out of the perpendicular, due to the destruction of the buildings which had acted as buttresses on this side, and possibly also to disturbance of the foundations; that the south-east pier had been undermined with the deliberate intention of throwing the tower down, for there was a cave beneath it large enough for a man to enter, and the struts remained with which he had supported the weight while he worked below; all four of the Norman piers had been weakened seriously by cutting back their outer casing to a height of thirty feet, and both north and south walls of the presbytery had been pierced by large openings in such a manner as to destroy all bond with the piers.

The first grave warning came in 1832, when a mass of the upper wall of the nave fell down through the roof of the south aisle. Funds to the amount of £4,500 were raised and spent in repairs.

The great danger culminated in 1870, when it became clear that the whole tower itself was settling. There were cracks in all directions, the north-east pier had burst, the chantry of Abbot Ramryge and the groining of the north aisle had been split open, and were being crushed. Then arches were bricked up hastily; timber was inserted at every available point, but the heavy baulks bent like reeds as the pressure increased; men stuck bravely to their posts—they worked day and night; but the pier crumbled and crumbled, for the tower was actually on the move; but at last they succeeded: the east and north-east arches were trussed up, and complete ruin averted. Then the whole tower, from top to bottom, had to be examined and carefully repaired, which involved a vast amount of additional work.

In the nave an engineering feat of extraordinary courage was performed. The weight of the roof was lifted off the walls; the north wall was stiffened by timbers, so as to be equal to any strain; iron rods designed like railway couplings were fixed from the north wall across to the south, screw-jacks were applied on the outside; and thus the entire mass was dragged up in one piece and in a single motion, and held in its place until it could be adequately under-pinned and buttressed. Ultimately, the roof was rebuilt as we see it at present.

The funds at disposal were now spent, and every available source of supply was exhausted, but the work was very far from being finished. Then the late Lord Grimthorpe made his offer—to complete the whole restoration at his own sole charge, provided that he was secured legally from all outside interference. This offer was accepted, and the bargain was carried out. During the next fifteen years or so every portion of the building

passed under review: the pavement, the walls, the windows, the turrets, the internal fittings, etc.; whatever Lord Grimthorpe thought necessary was done according to his plans and at his cost. The sum total thus spent is absolutely unknown. The largest individual item, probably, was the west front, which is altogether new; the most successful, undoubtedly, is the Lady Chapel, then first completed, for the original builders had never erected the beautiful groined ceiling which they had designed.

Two points call for special notice. The great screen built by Abbot William de Walyngforde had been ruined so pitilessly that of all its seventy-three statues not one was left; and of all its beautiful canopies, etc., there remained only sufficient to guide the restorer; neither was there any record of what had been there; hence the choice and arrangement of the figures is a new composition. For the whole of this restoration the church is indebted to Lord Aldenham.

The two shrines—those of St. Alban and of St. Amphibalus—were broken up utterly, and used as mere rubbish with which to close certain archways, etc. More than three thousand of these fragments have been recovered; they have been assorted and put together, so that the shrines have (to a great extent) grown again under the hands of the workman—an act of true "restoration" such as can never be surpassed.

At the same time the abbey gateway was re-purchased, and the Grammar School moved into it, out of the Lady Chapel.

THE CELLS OF THE GREAT ABBEY.

The territorial influence of the Abbot of St. Albans must have been very great. A single Charter issued by King John enumerates more than fifty manors, estates, etc., over which he had rights, varying from petty fees to aid his housekeeping up to powers of the pillory and

the gallows. Cells were monastic houses subordinate to the main foundation, varying in size and importance, administered usually by priors; but of the twenty-six cells and sub-cells belonging to St. Albans, several were entitled to display a coat-of-arms, and ten of their priors had votes at the election of an abbot. A visitation of the whole entailed a journey from Hertford through Norfolk to Tynemouth, and back by the way of Pembroke. The great man's outfit, his attendants, his reception, and the length of his stay in any cell, were carefully regulated. Tynemouth Priory was of importance almost equal to the town of Newcastle. The royal permission had to be obtained before the abbot might venture so near to the hostile kingdom of Scotland. Nothing is left now but a ruin, beautiful in its decay, and the names of two towns, North and South Shields, with above 150,000 inhabitants, upon the spot where the prior built the "Shielings" for his fishermen.

Another cell, Monkton, by Pembroke, has a very curious history. Founded by an Earl of Pembroke at a time when Normandy was part of England, it was attached to the Abbey of St. Martin, at Seyes; when Normandy returned to France, Monkton became an "alien house," and its revenues were appropriated by the Crown whenever there was war with France. All alien priories were suppressed by Henry V.; and this one was given to his brother Humphrey, of Gloucester, and by him to John of Wheathampstead, Abbot of St. Albans. It fell with the abbey under Henry VIII.; but nine hundred years after its original foundation it was restored to its primitive beauty, and dedicated anew to worship, in the presence of Edward VII.

DIOCESAN MEMORANDA, ETC.

St. Albans, like the greater part of Hertfordshire, was originally in the Diocese of Lincoln. As a mitred abbey,

it was exempt, practically, from episcopal rule; at the Dissolution it was transferred to the Diocese of London; in 1845 to that of Rochester; and in 1877 the existing See of St. Alban was founded. The first Bishop was Dr. Claughton, transferred from Rochester; Dr. Festing the second; the Right Rev. Edgar Jacob the third and present occupant of the See, by translation from that of Newcastle.

The Deanery was founded in 1900, the Very Rev. Walter John Lawrance being the first Dean. There are twenty-four Canons, all of them honorary. The episcopal throne was erected in 1904 as the diocesan memorial to the late Bishop, Dr. Festing. Eight of the stalls were given in 1892, thirty-six in 1904. Several of these are memorials; others are gifts to the Cathedral.

STORTFORD CASTLE

By J. L. Glasscock

Of the buildings of Bishop's Stortford Castle and the prison nothing now remains above the ground; but about fifty years ago, when some alterations were being made at the dwelling-house, some of the foundations of the old walls were discovered. On the summit of the mound the ruins of the outer walls of the keep are still to be seen. The castle, with its keep and courts, occupied an area of about four acres, and was surrounded with a moat, which was crossed by a drawbridge. There was also a gatehouse, the exact position of which I do not know, but it was in existence as late as 1621, as in that year George Montaign, the then Bishop of London, had a law-suit with the widow and administratrix of the previous Bishop, relative to the repairs of "Stortford Gate House," and, therefore, I think we may assume it formed part of the Bishop's castle here.[1]

We are told by various authorities that William the Conqueror built Stortford Castle, and from the way in which Chauncy mentions this in his *History of Hertfordshire*, some might infer that he thought William also raised the mound: "King William the Conqueror built a small castle upon a firm artificial mount, made very steep after the usual mode of the Norman buildings in that age."[2] I only mention this for the purpose of saying that we may at once dismiss that idea as untenable.

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1 State Pap., Dom. 1621, James I., vol. cciii.
2 Chauncy, *Hist. Herts.*, vol. i., p. 323.

If at the present day we proposed to erect a building with such massive walls as these undoubtedly were, we should not select as a site a recently raised mound of earth. And Norman masons would not do so either. But because the Normans did not raise the mound it does not follow that they would not make use of it. As a matter of fact, we know that they frequently adopted ancient defensive earthworks as sites for their castles, and I think they did so in this instance. We may, therefore, assume that when the Normans came here they found an existing mound, not as high, perhaps, as at present, but firmly consolidated, and which had been in existence at least one and probably more centuries. Therefore, in our endeavour to form some opinion as to the origin of the mound, we shall start with the assumption that the mound is pre-Norman. Then the question arises: At what period in our history and for what purpose was this mound originally raised? To this question, at present, no definite answer can be given. Until a careful exploration of the interior of the mound shall have revealed its secret, we can only surmise and form our opinions as to its origin and purpose by a comparison with other and similar earthworks of which something more is known. I have recently read what has come within my reach upon the subject of grave mounds and ancient defensive earthworks, and while it is not my intention to assume any knowledge of this particular branch of archæology, or to commit myself, in the absence of exploration, to any particular opinion as to its origin, I may perhaps be permitted to mention two possible theories for consideration.

(1) It may possibly be a Celtic barrow or grave mound, its shape being due either to its being what is termed a long barrow, or to two barrows having been subsequently united when it was first used for defensive purposes; or it may have developed this shape owing to secondary and subsequent interments around and upon

Remains of Stortford Castle.

the primary barrow. If we adopt the Celtic barrow theory for its origin, we may then, I think, fairly assume that it was afterwards used both by Roman and Saxon for defensive purposes, and the fact that traces of a Roman occupation of the site have been found tends to confirm this assumption. On the other hand, a strong argument against the theory of a Celtic origin, in my opinion, is the site. Celtic barrows are not, as a rule, found in the bottom of a river valley, and the marshy nature of the ground hereabouts does not, I think, lend itself to the theory of a grave mound.

(2) The second theory is that it is not a grave mound, but what is known as "a moated mound" or "buhr," raised in Saxon times for defensive purposes. In connection with this I may be asked to account for traces of Roman occupation. My reply is, so far as we are aware there are no remains of Roman walls or buildings to be found upon the mound. The pieces of tile found in the walls, if Roman, may easily have been, and were, probably, taken from some adjacent building and again used, as was frequently the case, by the Norman builders.

A careful examination of the site suggests the idea that the whole of the area occupied by the castle buildings and yards, etc., was also encompassed with a moat and bank, having a circular shape towards the south, which was probably somewhat modified at the time the causeway from Hockerill to Stortford was made. The track of the moat, I suggest, may still be traced in the existing ditch, but all traces of a bank have now disappeared. This, however, was not the case in the year 1800. In that year the Rev. T. Kerrich, who was the keeper of the Public Library at Cambridge, visited Stortford, and made some notes and sketches of the earthworks. In one of these he shows a moat and bank on the east side, and he says in his note: "There yet remains towards the east a large vallum and ditch." The conclusion I arrive at is that whether the mound be of

Celtic origin or not, the whole site was an ancient defensive earthwork previous to the Norman invasion, and that the Normans altered and adapted it to suit their purpose.

Leaving the history of the mound for the present still veiled in the mists of antiquity, let us look at it as it presents itself to us to-day. The contour having been somewhat altered even during the last fifty years by the falling masonry and other causes, it is somewhat difficult to give its proper and accurate dimensions. It is about 250 feet long by about 195 feet wide; the base is oval, and occupies an area of about 5,000 yards. The area of the summit is about 610 yards, and it is 42 feet high above the natural level of the ground, which at this spot is about 187 feet above O.D.

Now as to the castle, of which only the ruins of an old shell keep can now be seen above ground. We are told, as I mentioned before, that the castle was built by William the Conqueror. Possibly it was; at the same time, I do not think we ought to accept this statement as an undoubted fact, especially as the remains are of such a fragmentary character that it is difficult to assign them positively to Norman or earlier times. The late Mr. Walford, writing in his *Antiquarian Magazine*, states his opinion that "the castle of Hertford and probably that of Stortford also was built by King Alfred's son, Edward the Elder, who divided his time between those places and Winchester, then the capital of the kingdom."

Salmon, who, as is known, was resident in Stortford when he wrote his history in 1728, also favours the idea of a Saxon building. Mr. Cussans, also, is inclined to attribute the masonry to the Saxon rather than the Norman period. It is, however, certain that a castle of some kind existed here at the time of the Conquest, as we learn from a grant or charter of William the Conqueror to Maurice Bishop, of London, that the

King granted to the Bishop "the castle of Esterteferd and all the land which his predecessor, Bishop William, held of me."[1] It appears strange, then, that Stortford Castle is not mentioned in the Domesday Survey. The explanation may be that the castle mentioned in the grant was an inconsiderable one, and that it was subsequently enlarged. Although Domesday Book does not mention Stortford Castle, it tells us that the town belonged to Eddeva the Fair, the wife or mistress of Harold, and that she sold it to William, Bishop of London.

When William the Conqueror came upon the scene he appears to have annexed it, in common with everything else that was worth having in those days, and whether he built the castle or not, he subsequently gave it and the town to Maurice, Bishop of London, and his successors, thus restoring to the See what he had taken from Maurice's predecessor; and it is recorded that he also gave certain manors and lands to the Bishop to support it, the tenants being charged with certain rents called castle guard.

We hear very little more of Stortford Castle in the eleventh century, but in the next it must have been a place of some importance.

During the troublous reign of Stephen, when the country was devastated by the civil war between Stephen and Maud the Empress, the daughter of Henry I., I find that in the year 1139 Maud, in order to win over Geoffrey de Mandeville, whom Stephen had made Earl of Essex, to her side, covenants with him that if she could obtain this castle in exchange from the Bishop of London she would confer it upon him for ever; and that in the event of her not being able to obtain it, she would demolish it. Now, the Bishop of London at this time was one Robert de Sigillo, who was preferred to the See by Maud, and therefore we may imagine would

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[1] Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. iii., p. 308.

be inclined to favour her views. But subsequent history proves that she did not obtain it, and she did not carry out her threat of demolishing it: that pleasant occupation was reserved for another and later monarch called John.

In reference to this covenant, Mr. J. H. Round, in his *Geoffrey de Mandeville*, says:—

> It implies a peculiar antipathy to this castle on the part of Earl Geoffrey —an antipathy explained by the fact of its position, lying as it did on the main road from London to Walden, and thus cutting communications between his two strongholds. We have a curious allusion to this episcopal castle a few years before (1137), when Abbot Anslem of St. Edmunds, who claimed to have been elected to the See, seized and held it.

The Bishops of London then continued to enjoy the possession of the town and castle until early in the thirteenth century. In or about the year 1207, William, the Bishop, offended the King by the opposition he offered in reference to the election of Stephen Langton to the See of Canterbury, and also because he, with other Bishops, by command of the Pope, executed an interdiction upon the whole realm. This so enraged John that he revenged himself upon the Bishop by seizing his castle and town of Stortford; the castle he demolished, and taking the town into his own hands, he made it a borough, and authorised the inhabitants to send two burgesses to represent them in Parliament. John either soon repented of his rashness, or the power of the Bishops was too much for him, for in 1213 he issued a letter patent authorising William, Bishop of London, to rebuild his castle whenever he wished. This, however, did not satisfy his lordship, as I find in 1214 John issued another letter patent, in which he acknowledges his own responsibility to repair or rebuild the castle of Stortford "as well and as strong as it was at the beginning of the discord between us and the clergy of England"; and in this same year he gave to the Bishop the manor of Stoke, near Guildford, in amends for destroying his castle of Stortford. Although the Bishop regained his castle, he

lost the town, which remained a borough for one hundred and fifty or more years, and was for some time in the King's hands, but subsequently the Bishops regained their possession of the manor.

King John, having patched up his quarrel with the Bishop, came here himself in 1216, possibly to see whether the rebuilding was completed properly, and he stayed here one night, on March 29th. As the hotel accommodation was somewhat limited in those days, I presume he put up at the Bishop's castle. It was probably at this time that the Bishop built his gaol or prison in connection with the castle.

In the fourteenth century it appears that an officer was appointed by the Bishops called the Constable of the Castle of Stortford; he in all probability resided in the castle. In 1305, I find one John de Solio filled the office; and in 1338, Stephen Gravesend, Bishop of London, appointed William Attewood as Constable. Though not concerning the history of the castle, it may be worthy of notice that I recently found it stated in an old chronicle that Stephen Gravesend died at Stortford in the year 1338 "in domibus rectoris," and was buried in St. Paul's, London.

In the reign of Edward III. an inquisition on castles, with a view of putting them in a proper state of defence, was held; and I find that in 1345 a license was granted to the Bishop to crenellate or fortify his castle at Stortford. Within the castle there was a chapel dedicated to St. Paul, and in 1352 Ralph de Stratford obtained the King's license to found and endow a chantry of secular priests within his chapel of St. Paul in his castle of Stortford.

Little more is known of the history of the castle during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the references to it are chiefly those relating to the gaol. This prison of the Bishop of London appears to have been used as a gaol for all the parishes under the Bishop's

bailiff, called the liberty of the Bishop of London. Salmon says the liberty comprised, besides Stortford, the parishes of Great and Little Hadham, Albury, the three Pelhams, Meesden, Datchworth, Ashwell, Stevenage, Graveley, and Chisfield. I have evidence that it was used by the Bishops as a convenient place to which to send persons charged with heresy and other ecclesiastical offences, and Bonner, we are told, found it very useful for convicted Protestants.

In 1535, John Chaunsey, the bailiff of the liberties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Sussex, was paid £6 13*s.* 4*d.* for the cost of bringing twenty convicted prisoners to the castle of Stortford. Altogether, it seems to have served a somewhat extensive area, and must have been a fairly capacious and rather an important place in those days. It is said that the dungeon was dark and deep; probably it was; but of one thing I am certain—its sanitary condition left much to be desired, and in this respect it was only a type of other prisons of the period.

There is in the Public Record Office a series of old accounts called ministers' accounts, and among these are some relating to Stortford Castle and Gaol. I cannot, in a paper like this, go minutely into these, but I may say they extend over a period of some hundred and thirty years, from 1344 to 1474, and are full of interesting information. To give you some idea of what the Bishop's prison was like, I will quote from the first of these accounts, viz., that of William Priour and James Hanekyn, the keepers of the gaol and farmers of the manor, for the year beginning at Michaelmas in the twentieth year of Edward I.: On the 29th September there were no less than fifty prisoners confined here, and their maintenance cost a shilling per day for the fifty, so the diet was not what is known as "high." To these fifty must be added seven fresh prisoners received during the year, and of this total of fifty-seven no less than twenty-nine died in the prison during the year, and were

buried in the precincts. The names of the prisoners are all entered in the account. The cost of burying them amounted to the sum of a penny each. The prisoners appear to have been ironed in all cases, some being chained to the walls and some to posts. Again, in the years 1347-48, I find there were from twenty-five to thirty prisoners here, of whom nine died and were buried during the year. In the sixteenth century the number appears to have fallen off, as I find from a survey of the Bishopric of London in 1539 that there were only eleven prisoners in the Bishop's prison here at that time. Human remains have frequently been found very near to the surface, between the mound and the site of the prison, and fifty years ago it was thought that these were the remains of men slain in strife and hastily interred. After reading the accounts I have referred to, I think there is very little doubt that they are the remains of the Bishop's prisoners who died and were buried here. Their proximity to the surface may, perhaps, be explained by the amount paid for burial, viz., a penny in each case.

While the Bishops maintained their prison here, they seemed to have allowed the castle to fall into decay, as John Leland, writing about the year 1549, mentions "the ruins of a few pieces of the walls of Stortford Castle." This, I take it, he intends to refer to the keep only, as he goes on to observe "the Bishop's prison there is no part of the castle." Norden, in his survey of Hertfordshire, tells us that "Bonner made great use of the prison adjourning the castle, where he kept convicted Protestants in a deep and dark dungeon"; and Chauncy tells us, upon the authority of Thomas Leigh, who was Vicar here in his time, that one was burnt in Queen Mary's reign on a little green near the prison called Goosemeat. After Bonner's time, the Bishops of London made very little use of their prison here, and their temporal powers being curtailed, the building gradually fell into decay; and in 1647, when the Parliamentary

survey of the manor of Stortford was made, it is described as "a house very much destroyed, belonging to Stortford Castle, the material whereof are valued at £50." This was subsequently sold in 1649, and the purchaser pulled it down with the bridge, and erected "a fair inn near unto it," which was probably more appreciated by the Stortford folk than the Bishop's prison.

What I have said with regard to the recorded history of this ancient building must be considered as by no means exhaustive. I am convinced that there is a large field still open for original research among the vast stores of historical documents preserved at the Parish Registry Office, from which much information relative to the castle and town of Bishop's Stortford may be gained.

THE FRANCISCAN AND BENEDICTINE MONASTERIES OF WARE

By Harry P. Pollard

I.—The Franciscan Priory

THE statement made by some writers that this Priory was founded about A.D. 1234 has probability to support it, especially when it is remembered that the Franciscans arrived in England in 1224, and overran the country in a very few years. The earliest documentary evidence of the presence of the Franciscans at Ware is of the time of Edward III., some hundred years later than the date of their arrival in England. The priory seal also seems to show that the latter date is the period of this foundation. The documentary evidence above referred to is from the Patent Roll 12 Edward III., pt. 1, membrane 32. "Of making an oratory in Ware for the Friars of the Order of Minors" wherein the King grants and gives license to Thomas Wake, of Lidell, "that he may be able to give and grant one messuage and seven acres of land with appurtenances in Ware to the Friars of the Order of Friars Minors for newly erecting an oratory, houses, and other buildings there necessary for the habitation of the Friars of the Order aforesaid." The priory seal is oval, and from an etching done about 1819 appears to represent the Ascension, with a figure on the right, probably a Franciscan, and on the left a knight kneeling, whose

head is protected by a camail, and who wears a complete suit of mail with surcoat; on his left arm is a shield bearing the Wake arms. These figures are supported on a canopy, in the centre of which is a cinquefoil headed arch, with the head of a man, perhaps the then prior, looking to the right within. The impression of the seal is damaged. On the right side are the letters "S CARDIAI," on the left "MINORUM DE WAR," the remainder of the inscription being illegible. The Wake arms appearing on the shield seem to point to the fact that Thomas Wake was the founder.

All that remains of the priory buildings is the western portion of the southern part of the cloister and rooms to the south and west. The walls are of flint and rubble, the windows of clunch. When Weaver wrote his *Funeral Monuments*, remains of the church appear to have been visible; he describes the ruins of the Friary as "not altogether beaten down," and mentions two brasses. The work in the entrance hall has been supposed to mark an earlier date than the fourteenth century. The original roof of one portion of the building remained fairly intact till about the middle of last century. The length of this portion, which had a story below, was 48 ft. 6 in.; width, 23 ft.; height from floor to the top of the rafters 26 ft.; height from floor to centre of tie beam, 10 ft. 2 in. The tie beams were 12 ins. by 11½ ins.; king posts, 5½ ins. octagon shaft and 5½ ins. by 5½ ins. above cap; this roof is now concealed by plaster. The apartment has been converted into an additional story, and two of the king posts and their tie beams removed. This apartment may have been either the dormitory, refectory, or common room—which, it is difficult to say, as the Franciscans did not adhere strictly to the usual form for conventual buildings. The line of the cloisters on the south may be assumed from the position of the arches in the hall, and the further extent of the house eastwards was ascertained by the discovery of foundations in 1892; the western

Ware Priory.

portion of the cloisters is thought to be indicated by a long rise in the ground.

The cemetery appears to have been at the western extremity of the Priory grounds; the remaining portions of the buildings are at the east part. In 1802, four stone coffins were found nearly opposite the mill, now a factory, on the north side of Mill Lane, close to the wall of the Priory. All the coffins were found at a depth of three feet, and lay east and west; three in a row, north and south; and the remaining coffin twenty feet west of the others. The first contained a skeleton; in the second the body appeared to have been laid in a kind of shell, as there was a quantity of fine brown dust, and portions of lime and mortar which adhered to the coffin appeared to bear the marks of a winding sheet. The third coffin contained a skeleton, the skull, however, missing; in this coffin was more lime and wood dust. The skull was also missing from the fourth coffin, the contents of which resembled the third. The coffins were made of yellowish stone, full of fossils; on one of the skulls were some remains of hair, short and tufty, adhering to the back.

This Priory was surrendered before 1545, in which year the King granted to Thomas Byrche all the site of the late house, formerly of the Friars Minors, commonly called the Grey Friars of Ware, now dissolved, also all the houses, buildings, cemetery, gardens, orchards, etc. After passing into the possession of various owners, whose alterations have not been improvements, it came, in 1881, into the possession of the present owner, who not only preserved every feature of interest, but has rectified, so far as it is possible, the effects of his predecessors' work.

II.—The Benedictine Priory

This Priory was founded by Hugh de Grentmesnil about the year 1081, as a cell to the Benedictine Abbey

of St. Ebrulf at St. Evereux, in Normandy; the founder granting to the abbey at the same time the church, all tithes, and two carucates of land. The Abbot of St. Ebrulf was Lord of the rectorial manor of Ware, and the Prior of Ware was appointed Procurator for all the English possessions of the parent house. These consisted of the church of Roell and land in Gloucestershire; three churches, an impropriate rectory, and land in Northamptonshire; land in Leicestershire; at Over Pillarton, in Warwickshire; and the church of Thundridge, near Ware. Shortly after the election of Pope Gregory IX., in 1227, the parishioners of Ware complained to that prelate that the Prior of Ware refused to let the cure of the church be served by a sufficient vicar, but kept back from the vicar the usual pension of ten marks, the tithes of the mills, woods, corn, and hay. Gregory sent a commission to the Bishop of London and others to hear the matter, with the result that the vicarage was again endowed with the usual small tithes and the great tithes of the farm belonging to Richard de Ware the elder. This endowment was confirmed in 1231 by Roger le Noir, Bishop of London. In the early part of the reign of Henry III., Margaret, widow of Saher de Quincy, improved the buildings of the monastery by the addition or rebuilding of the great hall, great chamber, chapel, and other rooms. Unfortunately, no traces of the domestic buildings remain, and so far as is at present known there is no documentary evidence as to their situation; but it appears probable that the priory stood immediately east of St. Mary's Church, on the site bounded by Dead Lane on the east and north, and West Street on the south, as a barn called Corpus Christi barn adjoined Dead Lane. With regard to the chapel, it may be mentioned that the fabric of the chancel of St. Mary's was found, at the 1849 restoration, to be of the Early English period, and in view of the fact that the number of monks in an alien priory was usually very small, the idea of a chapel at

their own establishment and another in the parish church is somewhat improbable; and it is a fair assumption that the chapel on the south of the chancel was that used by the Benedictine monks. Until 1849 the twenty-four panels of the ceiling of this chapel were partly filled with tracery decorated with gold and colour, their centres being occupied by figures of the Apostles and minor prophets, with Latin texts. The arrangement for the reredos, the piscina, and sedile, the screen at the west end (of restored Perpendicular work), all indicate that more attention than usual had been paid to the adornment of this part of the church.

About the year 1340 the Priory was seized by Edward III., and farmed at £200 per annum, in order to raise money for the French war; and, on the suggestion of Archbishop Chichele, all the alien priories were suppressed in 1414 by an Act of Parliament. Henry V. presented the Priory of Ware and Church of Thundridge to the Carthusian Priory at Shene, the Prior of the latter house becoming Lord of the rectorial manor. The King also granted £100 annually from the priory farm to the Carthusian convent of Montgrace, Yorkshire, and directly afterwards leased the farm to Nicholas Champeney, the late Prior, and others. Henry VI. attached the possessions of the dissolved house to the Abbey of St. Mary, Leicester, for a short period; but the Shene Carthusians again obtained possession of the property, and it continued in their hands till the general suppression in 1540, when the living of Ware was granted by Henry VIII. to the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE QUEEN ELEANOR MEMORIAL: WALTHAM CROSS, HERTS.

By the Rev. J. H. Stamp, A.K.C., Curate of Waltham Abbey

> Time-mouldering crosses, gemmed with imagery,
> Of costliest work and Gothic tracery;
> Point still the spots, to hallowed memory dear,
> Where rested on its solemn way the bier
> That bore the bones of Edward's Eleanor,
> To mix with Royal dust at Westminster.
>
> —*The Mirror.*

ELEANOR OF CASTILE, the beloved consort and faithful companion of King Edward I., accompanied her royal husband on his march to subjugate Scotland seventeen years after his accession to the throne of England. Shortly after her arrival at Herdeby or Harby, in the parish of North Clifton-upon-Trent, five miles from Lincoln, she was taken ill with a slow fever, and died at the close of November, 1290. Her body was immediately removed to Lincoln, and there embalmed. A portion of the royal remains was placed in a copper casket on December 2nd, and interred in the Lady Chapel attached to that cathedral. The brethren of the great Dominican house of Blackfriars, London, craved the heart of their royal patroness, and on the twelfth of the same month it was deposited in a silver casket, and solemnly interred in the chapel which had been constructed for its reception at that monastery. By the king's express command, the body of his *chère*

Queen Eleanor Cross, Waltham.

reyne (dear queen) was conveyed in state to the capital for interment with all due honours at Westminster Abbey, which had served as the royal tomb or mausoleum from the day on which its pious founder, King Edward the Confessor, found his last resting-place within its sacred precincts. The coffin containing the remains of departed royalty was carried in solemn procession from the north to its destination in the south.

The funeral *cortège* started from Lincoln in the morning of December 4th, six days after the death, and instead of taking the most direct road to London, it proceeded by a circuitous route, in order to pass through populous towns and districts where the Queen was well known and beloved, and where a convenient resting-place might be found at every stage of the journey in a great church or religious house, so that the faithful might assemble in large numbers to pray for the repose of her soul, in accordance with the pious custom of those days. The bereaved monarch took his place at the head of the procession as chief mourner, and the funeral train must have presented one of the most solemn and impressive spectacles ever witnessed in England. It was received with tokens of the most profound respect and reverence at every halting-place, both by clergy and people. Solemn requiems were chanted all night in the churches where the body rested, and, shortly after its departure on the morrow, a suitable site was selected and consecrated for the erection of a memorial cross, in accordance with the earnest desire of the king to perpetuate the memory of his beloved partner. The following places were most probably selected for this honour:—Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, Westchepe or Cheapside, and the village of Cherrynge or Charing, which probably derives its name from the endearing title, *chère reyne*. The distance from Lincoln to Westminster by this circuitous route was about a hundred and sixty

miles, which were traversed in the course of thirteen days —an average rate of twelve miles a day.

The record of two typical occurrences, both of which took place in Hertfordshire during this impressive funeral march, provides us with a glimpse of the solemnities observed at each resting-place. The first incident is described in the *Annals of Dunstable*, which was probably the work of an inmate of the famous priory in that parish. The mediæval chronicler here relates that the queen's body reposed in that religious house for one night, that two rich cloths of baudekyn and above four score pounds of wax were given to the priory, and that when the procession departed from the church, the bier or *herse*, as it was called, remained in the midst of the choir or chancel until the King's Chancellor and other eminent persons had selected the site of the proposed memorial cross, "the prior being then present, and sprinkling the ground with holy water." The second event recorded took place at St. Albans, where, according to the ancient historian of that venerable monastery, the procession was met at the entrance to the town near St. Michael's Church by the whole of the conventual assembly, who were robed in their sacred vestments and copes. The abbot and monks then conducted the mourners and their attendants to their famous abbey church, where the royal body was placed on a funeral bier, which occupied a space in front of the high altar, and the brethren were engaged during the whole night in keeping holy vigil and chanting solemn requiems for the repose of Queen Eleanor's soul.

On the departure of the funeral procession from St. Albans in the morning of December 13th, it wended its way through Cheshunt, Herts., to the abbey of Waltham Holy Cross, which is situated in the county of Essex, and on the borders of Hertfordshire and Middlesex. This famous monastery, standing about thirteen miles from London, afforded the only suitable resting-place for another night that could be found near the city, the

distance from St. Albans being too great to allow of that early entrance into the metropolis which was necessary on account of the large concourse of nobles and prelates, clergy and people, who intended to meet the procession at the gates of the city. The abbot of Waltham and his Augustinian monks, following the example of their brethren at St. Albans, probably met the mourners near the site afterwards occupied by the cross, where the funeral procession turned aside from the high road in Hertfordshire to rest awhile at the royal monastery of Waltham, in Essex, about a mile distant. Here the royal bier was assigned a place in the midst of the choir, as at Dunstable, and, during the night of December 13th, remained near the tomb of King Harold II., the pious founder of the collegiate church of Waltham, whose body was interred here after the fatal battle of Senlac or Hastings. The King, however, did not accompany the body of his beloved Queen to Waltham, but shortly after its departure from St. Albans he hastened to London by way of Barnet, that he might make the necessary preparations for its proper reception in the capital on the day after its sojourn in the abbey church of Waltham. At daybreak on December 14th, the mournful procession retraced its steps to the high road, passing from Waltham in Essex and Cheshunt in Hertfordshire into the county of Middlesex. On its arrival in the city, it was received with demonstrations of sorrow, affection, and reverence by the King and an immense concourse of citizens and subjects, who were attired in black hoods and cloaks. The body was not conveyed immediately to Westminster, but rested in a religious house on the road until December 17th, when the final funeral rites were solemnised, and it was interred near the shrine of Edward the Confessor, at the east end of Westminster Abbey. A magnificent altar tomb of grey Petworth marble was eventually erected over the grave, the top of which is covered with a plate of gilt copper, ornamented with a statue of the Queen,

also of copper, and richly gilded. Around it, hanging from oak leaves, are the coats-of-arms of England, Castile, and Ponthieu, which are also represented on the Waltham Cross memorial, constructed during the same period. The epitaph, in Norman French, now almost obliterated, has been translated as follows: "Here lies Eleanor, some time Queen of England, wife to King Edward, son of King Henry, daughter of the King of Spain and Countess of Ponthieu, on whose soul God, in His pity, have mercy. Amen."

Some writers consider it strange and unlikely that the funeral procession should go out of its way, on arriving at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, to rest for the night at Waltham Abbey, in Essex, when it was within a day's journey of its destination. Salmon, in his *History of Hertfordshire*, conjectures that the Queen's body rested for the night at the manor house of Arthur, Duke of Brittany, and Earl of Richmond, formerly standing on the site now occupied by the old wayside inn, which still shows the quaint device—

Ye oulde Foure Swannes Hostelrie
Anno Dominí 1280.

The learned author considers it most likely that this manor house provided the last resting-place in the county for the royal corpse because "of the antiquity of that building and its neighbourhood to the cross erected in honour of Queen Eleanor. For," he adds, "we may suppose the body rested and the company were entertained at the most considerable place in the town."[1] It seems, however, quite contrary to all the traditions of that solemn funeral march that the royal body should be deposited for the night in a manor house or wayside inn, and it would have defeated the chief object which the King had in view in deciding on the circuitous route to London. It is evident that he was

[1] *Hist. Herts.*, page 10.

anxious the body should be taken to the great religious centres on its way to Westminster, in order to secure the suffrages of the brethren and the faithful for the repose of the soul of his dear Queen. There can be no reasonable doubt that Waltham was selected as one of the halting places, for the memorial cross erected at the spot where the funeral procession diverged from the high road is a standing proof of the fact. The very designation, "Waltham Cross," places the question beyond all dispute. If the body of the good Queen had been deposited for the night in the Manor House of Cheshunt, the structure, which has always been known as Waltham Cross, would surely have been called *Cheshunt* Cross, especially considering that it stands on ground which is part and parcel of the ancient parish of Cheshunt. Gough, the famous antiquary of the eighteenth century, writes:—

> The Cross, commonly called by the name of WALTHAM Cross, is really situated in the parish of ***Cheshunt***, at the head of the road which turns down from the high North Road to the town of Waltham, the latter parish not beginning till we have crossed the river Lea, which is the boundary both of the parishes and counties.[1]

The claims of Waltham Abbey to the honour of providing a temporary resting-place for the royal remains were many and great. It was in high repute in those days both with King and people as the greatest monastery near the metropolis, and the common resort of pilgrims and the devout in the vicinity of London. It was in a two-fold sense a royal foundation, as it was originally endowed as a minster or collegiate church by King Harold II., whose royal tomb was then in existence before the high altar, and whose heroic deeds had, doubtless, won the sympathy and admiration of King Edward I., "the first of kings after Harold who had an English name and an English heart." It had, moreover, been raised to the dignity of an abbey by the King's own ancestor, Henry II.,

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[1] *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. iii.

and its Lord Abbot was one of the most powerful prelates and peers of the realm. The King had also become greatly attached to Waltham, like his father, Henry III., before him, and had spent many pleasant days with his beloved consort under the shadow of its venerable walls. It is related that only a few months before her lamented death, Queen Eleanor had spent Easter at Waltham with her royal spouse, who sought relief from the cares of state in the quiet country parish, which, on account of its proximity to Epping Forest, had served as a royal hunting seat from the earliest times. It is not at all strange, then, considering the fame and importance of the abbey of Waltham, and its close connection with royalty, that the body of Queen Eleanor should be brought to rest near the tomb of King Harold, just as, fifteen years later, the corpse of her beloved husband also found a temporary resting-place at the same sacred spot, where, for the space of three months, it was kept above ground, until the war with the Scots was concluded, in accordance with his dying command, and then it was finally interred near his wife's grave at Westminster.

After the funeral obsequies of Queen Eleanor, the King directed that the memorial crosses should be set up as soon as possible. The site of each cross on the high road and near the halting place had already been carefully chosen and solemnly consecrated. The abbot of Waltham Holy Cross had probably followed the example of his brother prelate of Dunstable in sprinkling with holy water the site chosen for the Waltham memorial in the neighbouring parish of Cheshunt. This structure, after its erection, conferred its designation of Waltham Cross on the locality in which it stands. The similarity of names has frequently led to confusion, writers referring to both places as one and the same parish, whereas they are distinct and separate parishes, and situated in different counties. Waltham Holy Cross, more generally known as Waltham Abbey, stands in Essex, and owes its title of

Holy Cross to the dedication of the old parish church founded by Tovi, Canute's Standard Bearer, and rebuilt in the Norman style by Earl Harold, afterwards King. But Waltham Cross is in Hertfordshire, and derives its name from the Eleanor memorial, as already stated, and although now a separate ecclesiastical parish, it is still situated in the urban district of Cheshunt. The Eleanor cross at Waltham was commenced early in 1291, and was not completed until Michaelmas, 1292, as the last payment for labour in connection with its erection was made during that term. At the time of its construction, and for some years afterwards, it stood in the centre of a triangular green on the high road. But encroachments were subsequently made at the south-east of the cross, and buildings sprang up so close to the memorial as to shut out from view that portion of the monument. These obstructions have recently been removed, and the road re-opened. This beautiful memorial of the tender affection of King Edward for his deceased Queen belongs to the Decorated style or period of English architecture. It is a hexagon, and consists of three elegantly constructed stories or compartments, partly solid and partly open, and decreasing progressively at every stage. Each division is finished by an embattled frieze or cornice, and at every angle is a graduated buttress, ornamented with foliated crockets and finials. The compartments immediately above the broad substantial base are adorned with tracery mouldings imitative of the forms and designs of the church windows of the period; and each compartment, consisting of two panels, is charged with the arms of England, Castile and Leon, and Ponthieu, in shields pendent from different foliage. Gough, the antiquary, who died in 1809, and was interred in the churchyard of the adjoining village of Wormley, also supplies the following architectural details:—

Over these compartments is a quatrefoil, and over that, in the point of the whole, a trefoil. The pediment of each compartment is richly

frosted with leaves. The spandrils of each pediment are carved with eight-leaved flowers in lozenges, and the panels are parted by pursled finials divided by two niches. The cornice over the first story is composed of various foliage and lions' heads, surmounted by a battlement pierced with quatrefoils. The second story is formed of twelve open tabernacles, in pairs, but so divided that the dividing pillar intersects the middle of the statue behind it, as in the other two crosses (Geddington and Northampton). These tabernacles terminate in ornamented pediments, with a bouquet on the top, and the pillars that supported them are also pursled in two sections. This story also finishes with a cornice and battlement like the first, and supports a third story of solid masonry, ornamented with simple compartments in relief somewhat resembling those below, and supporting the broken shaft of a plain cross. The statues of the queen are in an attitude similar to the others, crowned, her left hand holding a cordon and her right a sceptre or globe.[1]

This broken shaft was subsequently restored with the cross which now surmounts the whole structure as in its early days. The decorated parts of the monument were prepared in London, and then sent to Waltham. The three statues of the Queen, which are remarkable for their elegant proportions, were most likely designed by William Torel or Torelli, a London goldsmith of genius and renown, or copied from his admirable work on the tomb at Westminster, and carved by Alexander of Abingdon and Dymenge de Legeri, who were engaged on the cross at Waltham or by William of Ireland, who made the statues for the Lincoln and Northampton crosses. The principal person engaged in the work at Waltham was Dymenge de Legeri or Dominic of Leger, who is styled in the ancient accounts Nicholas Dymenge de Reyne or Rheims. His chief assistant was Roger de Crundale, who eventually completed his brother's work at Charing Cross. Alexander de Abingdon, sculptor, also assisted, and Robert de Corfe rendered valuable help by supplying the capital. Other names are also mentioned in the accounts, and among these appear Richard de Crundale, the builder of the original Charing Cross, which stood on the site now

[1] *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. iii.

occupied by the statue of King Charles I. in Trafalgar Square; Roger de Walecote, one of Queen Eleanor's bailiffs; and Moses of Waltham, where his family had been resident for a century. Henry Mauger and Richard de Blund or Blount are also mentioned in connection with the payment for a supply of *petra de Kam*, or Caen stone. The other materials used were Sussex and Petworth marble. The cost of the whole structure, according to the royal accounts, amounted to £95, equivalent to the modern sum of £1,000, a larger amount than that expended on the memorials situated at a greater distance from London, and showing that it was richer in details and workmanship. The King probably arranged that the memorials of his *chère reyne* in or near the capital should excel in workmanship and general design the monuments erected in the provinces, as they would be under the constant observation of his courtiers and most eminent subjects. Thus the architecture of the crosses at Waltham, Westchepe or Cheapside, and Charing were of a higher order and more ornate than could be found elsewhere. A small chapel seems to have been erected in connection with the cross to serve as a chantry. In this small sanctuary masses were probably said and prayers offered for the repose of the Queen's soul until the suppression of chantries in the reign of Edward VI. It most likely occupied the site until the troublous period of the Commonwealth, as its previous existence was mentioned shortly afterwards. Fragments of Purbeck marble and other remains have been unearthed near the cross during recent excavations, pointing to the former existence of a building of this description.

The Queen Eleanor memorial at Waltham Cross is one of the three monuments which alone have escaped the ravages of time, neglect, and vandalism. It has been providentially preserved, like its sister memorials at Geddington and Hardingstone, near Northampton, from the destruction which has swept away the remainder of

the structures erected in memory of his amiable consort by King Edward. In the early days of the Reformation movement it lost its chantry and endowments, which provided for memorial services and alms for distribution among the poor. But it was allowed to stand even at that most critical period of our national history, when the ancient Church and Throne of England were set aside, and seven or eight of the Eleanor crosses were swept away by the fierce storm of the great rebellion under Cromwell. It is a remarkable fact that it was left untouched when the Ironsides and Iconoclasts of those stirring times marched past in 1642 on their way to the Abbey Church of Waltham Holy Cross, where, in their misguided zeal, they defaced the monuments, destroyed an old painted window because they considered it an incentive to idolatry, as it contained a picture of King Harold, and destroyed three service books of the Reformed Church of England as tending to superstition. It is most likely, however, that they found public opinion in the neighbourhood too strong to allow of their wreaking their vengeance on this memorial as they had done on the crosses at Cheapside, Charing, Dunstable, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Grantham, Stamford, and Lincoln. Reverence for the memory of the good Queen, who had been so well known and beloved by their ancestors, had not died out among the people in this locality, and we are probably indebted to them for the preservation of this elegant national monument during those turbulent days. The chapel or chantry was probably demolished on account of its close connection with the superstition of the middle ages; for we find that half a century later, in 1698, the Bishop of London granted permission to Robert Bradley, of Waltham Cross, to erect a shop on a piece of waste land, "upon which formerly stood a chappell." The roadway on the south-east of the cross was afterwards obstructed by the erection of an inn, originally styled the Peacock Inn, but eventually called

the Falcon Hotel. Gough, the antiquary, observes that "the resort of travellers rendering more houses of entertainment necessary near this spot, the cross has been almost taken into the end of the second inn, erected contiguous to it, whereby much of its beauty is concealed and its ornaments damaged."

The cross has suffered more from neglect and injudicious repairs than from time, exposure, or encroachments. The first repairs on record were undertaken in 1720 and 1757, but these were of a most trivial character. In 1720, some posts were presented by the Society of Antiquaries for the purpose of protecting the memorial from passing vehicles, and the cross was slightly repaired. About thirty years later the posts were removed by order of the Commissioners of Turnpikes, who probably regarded them as unnecessary obstructions to the traffic, and the base of the cross was again left unprotected. The learned Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, Dr. Stukeley, then wrote to Lord Monson, Lord of the Manor of Cheshunt, praying his lordship to erect brickwork around the foundation and base, and to replace the posts for protection. The noble lord was pleased to comply with this request, and received the thanks of the Society, with an engraving of the cross.[1] Dr. Stukeley expressed the opinion that the base was originally surrounded by ten steps, although other writers mention six, seven, or eight as the more probable number. These steps were eventually reduced to three, but during the restoration thirteen years ago the number was again raised to six. In 1795—the year which witnessed the demolition of the last remains of the old palace of Theobalds, where King James I. breathed his last, and his unfortunate son, Charles I., was proclaimed—an ill-advised attempt was made by Sir George William Prescott, Bart., Lord of the Manor of Cheshunt, to remove the cross into his grounds

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1 *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. ii., fol. 13.

at Theobalds Park. This undertaking most happily could not be carried into effect, for after removing the upper tiers of stones, the workmen found it too hazardous to proceed with their task on account of the decayed state of the ornamental portions. In the following year the monument was thoroughly examined and found to be in a ruinous condition. The owner of the Falcon Hotel consented to the removal of the corner of his house, which nearly touched the memorial, and when this portion of the inn was rebuilt it was set back a few feet from the cross. About the same time the local authorities attached a guide board to the lower story of the structure, with a hand directing travellers "To Waltham Abbey."

In 1832 the first modern restoration was inaugurated by W. B. Clarke, Esq., architect, who generously gave his time, talent, and services without fee or reward. He entirely rebuilt the two upper stories with the tracery work, but, unfortunately, he used Bath stone, which is unfit for outside work. The lower divisions were refaced where necessary, and the base was surrounded by iron rails. Several guns, the gift of Mr. Batho, of Cheshunt, were also set up outside the rail as symbols of protection. The architect reproduced some of the steps, and restored the terminal shaft with the cross, which for many years had been wanting. Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., of Wormleybury, the chief contributor to the Restoration Fund, prevailed upon Queen Adelaide, the consort of King William IV., to defray the cost of restoring the statues of Queen Eleanor, and the work was entrusted to Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., Professor of Sculpture, and the successor of Flaxman at the Royal Academy. This eminent artist reported that "two out of the three statues in the Waltham Cross were in a fair state of preservation, and required but little to be done to them; but the other, which occupied the western niche, had been much injured and its head destroyed." He further stated that he had taken this defective statue

to his studio in London, where he intended to work out the drapery, and make new hands and head with the most scrupulous regard to the original. As it consisted of Caen stone, he intended to send to Normandy for pieces to match it, and he hoped to be able to replace the statue in its new niche, but old site, with all its original expression and truth.[1] The architect, who had endeavoured carefully to follow the original design, completed his task before the end of 1834, when the sum expended, the result of a public appeal, amounted to £1,200. The Bath stone used in this restoration soon showed symptoms of decay, and in the course of fifty years was in urgent need of complete renewal.

In the year 1885 an Eleanor Cross Restoration Committee was formed, under the presidency of Sir Henry Bruce Meux, Bart., of Theobalds Park, who generously promised to purchase and pull down the premises which obstructed the view of the cross on the south-east, and to re-open the roadway on that side, on condition that a sufficient sum of money was raised for the preservation of the monument, that the work be entrusted to C. E. Ponting, Esq., of Lockeridge, Marlborough, Wilts., architect and diocesan surveyor, and that it be carried out in a proper manner, without any vandalism or sacrilege to the style of architecture. The architect prepared a very elaborate report on the ruinous state of the structure, and recommended that the greatest care should be used in dealing with this gem of mediæval art, that the old stone work should be preserved as far as possible, without actual loss to the design, intact, and that any renewals should be confined to those parts which had totally disappeared, or which it was necessary to reinstate in order to preserve to future ages the original design. He also suggested that "all the sound old fragments which could be found should be restored to their

[1] *Literary Gazette*, 1834.

ascertained previous positions, and the new work which displaced them removed, and that such other of the new stone that might be found unsound or out of harmony with the *spirit of the old work* should be repaired or renewed with faithful regard to this leading principle." Mr. Harry Hems, the well-known sculptor of Exeter, was appointed to carry out the work, under the direction of the architect. The restoration, which dealt particularly with the second and third stages, proceeded slowly through lack of the necessary funds, but it was at length brought to a satisfactory conclusion in 1892, at a cost of £1,130, raised by public subscription, as on the previous occasion in 1832-4. This sum included a donation of £25 from her late Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, who had inspected the cross in company with the Prince Consort in 1843, when on their way to Cambridge. During the progress of the work, several fragments of the original carved stone work, which had been inserted in the wall of the old Falcon Inn in 1833, were restored to their original position in the monument, and the Bath stone used by Mr. Clarke was removed to the grounds of the Four Swans Hotel. Remains of the old chantry were discovered during the excavations, and a large quantity was conveyed to Theobalds Park. These relics of the past included springs of Gothic archways and fragments of Purbeck marble. Portions of the concrete and flint foundation were also discovered, together with pieces of the original Caen stone. The concluding portion of the work comprised the restoration of the six steps at the base of the cross, and the fixing of new and elegant rails around the monument. The lowest step is a fac-simile of the bench which still exists underground; and the wrought-iron fence was designed partly from the grill enclosing Queen Eleanor's tomb at Westminster, and partly from the fence which protects the tomb of King Henry III. One of the most important improvements effected during this restoration was the removal of the

old Falcon Inn, which obscured the south-east view, and the opening up of the old roadway on that side. The memorial consequently occupies once more its ancient position in the centre of a triangular space, at the entrance to the road by which Queen Eleanor's funeral procession passed to Waltham Abbey, and, as in early days, this most elegant and best preserved of the three existing monuments now stands out clearly to view on every side. The success of the whole undertaking was celebrated by public rejoicings on New Year's Eve, December 31st, 1892—exactly six hundred years after the erection of this venerable structure—when Lady Meux, standing on the new steps at the base of the cross, revived the ancient custom of distributing alms in memory of the good Queen, and presented three hundred and sixty shillings, fresh from the Mint, to the aged and deserving poor of the neighbourhood.

SOPWELL

By H. R. Wilton Hall

SOPWELL ruins, as they appear to-day, are more suggestive of the "fate of sacrilege" than of the decay of the "ages of faith." We approach them from the city of St. Albans by an old lane, still known as Cotton Mill Lane, which stood on the river Ver as late as the middle of last century. They stand on slightly rising ground overlooking the river, the abbey church crowning the hill on the opposite side of the stream. The ruins are neither very picturesque in themselves, nor very romantic in their surroundings. They do not suggest a time-worn, ivy-mantled, religious house, beautiful in its decay, situated in the midst of natural beauty, "fair as the garden of the Lord." They stand bare, gaunt, and rugged, and suggest nothing more romantic than a dismantled nineteenth century mill or "works," which a few years of exposure to the elements have robbed of a little of its utilitarian ugliness. Ivy covers certain portions of the buildings; but, for the most part, the walls stand uncompromisingly and aggressively stark and bare.

They are not the ruins of the nunnery of Sopwell, but of the house which Sir Richard Lee built on the site of the convent in the sixteenth century. He was one of that host of house builders made rich out of the spoils of the religious houses after their suppression by King Henry VIII. He was a man of action in stirring times, and saw a good deal of service for the King, both in the north of England and in Scotland; but it was owing to

Ruins of Sopwell.

the influence which his handsome wife had with the lascivious King, rather than to his beneficial services to the State, that he received valuable grants of monastic lands and buildings in this neighbourhood—including Sopwell—on easy and profitable terms. It was from the monastery of St. Albans and Sopwell Nunnery that he obtained the building material for his house here. In this house he lived, while his brother lived close by at St. Julian's, another of the abbey spoils. Parts of the wall with which he enclosed his domain are still to be traced. He died in the year 1575, and was buried in St. Peter's Church.

He had two daughters, and Sopwell passed to the elder of the two, who married Edwin Sadleir, of Temple Dinsley. The second son of this marriage, Richard Sadleir, lived here, and the property in due course descended to his son, Robert Sadleir. Robert bequeathed it to his daughter Helen, who married Thomas Saunders, of Beechwood. Here the connection of Sopwell with the Lees ends; for it was then sold to Sir Harbottle Grimston, through whom it has descended to its present owner. The house fell into decay, and the records concerning it are very meagre. In 1793, a part of the remains of Sir Richard Lee's house had been converted into a smaller dwelling, and was then occupied by a Mrs. Clark. At Salisbury Hall—a moated house not very far away, in Shenley parish—are ten circular medallions, representing certain Roman emperors. These are said to have been removed there from Sopwell in the reign of King Charles II., when Sir Richard Lee's house was dismantled. By the year 1815 the buildings had become so much dilapidated that no plan of the place could then be traced. About the year 1847 a crypt, or underground cellar, was found here, but it seems to have led to no interesting discoveries respecting Sir Richard Lee's house or the earlier nunnery.

In the twelfth century, Abbot Geoffrey de Gorham

founded the nunnery for Blessed St. Mary of Sopwell for thirteen women, who were to live under the Benedictine rule. But there had been a settlement of women here long before that date. Tradition says that there were two holy women who lived in a little hermitage which they had constructed at Eywood, close by the Ver; and tradition also asserts that the spring from which these good women drank, and in which they soaked their dry bread, gives the name Sopwell to the place! In King William the Conqueror's time one Henry de Albeney gave the nunnery two hides of land in the manor of Cotes, in Beaulieu. The legend of the two women and the holy well seems to point to much earlier times, before the days of Christian recluses, and is probably connected with the cult of wells and streams of a much older faith than that professed by the women for whom the Norman abbot provided a home and a constitution.

The history of Sopwell Nunnery has nothing in it to mark it out very distinctively from many other such houses. During the last four hundred years or so of its existence we get occasional glimpses of disorder and laxity of rule. But such were not the normal conditions of life in a nunnery. In the course of our individual lives the bright spots stand out vividly—the golden days are remembered and the days of dull dreary routine and humdrum work are blurred and indistinguishable from each other. But in the history of institutions the reverse is the case. Local tradition usually fastens upon a choice piece of scandal, and in the course of centuries weaves into it much that is absurd and impossible. The remains of sewers found between the sites of old religious houses and the nearest water-courses are fondly regarded as a subterranean way by which "those old monks" travelled for miles underground on errands of wickedness. The belief in such underground passages still exists in St. Albans; for less than a century ago one was known to exist between St. Albans monastery and the river Ver.

As the Ver flows between the sites of the monastery and the nunnery, sewers will account for the passages, and well-known scandals in both houses, remembered against them from age to age, coupled with a love of the marvellous, sufficiently account for the legend that St. Albans monastery and Sopwell Nunnery, some three-quarters of a mile apart, were connected by an underground passage, which must of necessity have passed under the bed of the river Ver!

But of the quiet, uneventful years, when there were no scandals to record, when the humdrum life went on, week in, week out, as the seasons rolled round—of these there are no legends.

Such houses as Sopwell Nunnery satisfied a very real want of their day and generation, even when the "religious life" in them may have been somewhat obscured or at a very low ebb. They served many useful purposes, which commended them to the common sense of those who founded them or added to their endowments from time to time.

Nunneries, for example, were frequently used as temporary asylums for "heiresses" and wards, concerning whose disposition in marriage overlords had difficulties. It was a great convenience to be able to place the young lady where she could live according to her "degree," and be kept out of the way of "undesirables" and "detrimentals." A baron, called away on the king's service, or leading his men on a crusade, could only provide for the safety of his daughters during his absence in one of his own castles or in a nunnery; and the latter was usually the safer place of the two. The sanctity of a religious house was a very real protection in such cases.

But not always. There was, for instance, a certain Geoffrey de Berneville who had two daughters. He was, for some reason, anxious to keep Maud, the younger of them, out of the way of one John de Marston, who was in love with her or her prospective fortune. Geoffrey

made arrangements for Maud to be lodged for a while here in Sopwell Nunnery, under the care of the abbess. But John de Marston, with the help of his brother, Thomas, and some adventurous friends, watched their opportunity. They lay in wait at Hedges, on the king's highway, not very far from Sopwell. They attacked the escort which was bringing Maud to Sopwell, "and with force and arms" carried her away. Whether Maud was a consenting party, and regarded John de Marston as a gallant knight and "her own true love," or whether she "married to sorrow," we cannot tell.

Other ladies came to find rest in the religious life of the nunnery. Margaret, Duchess of Clarence, and sister-in-law to King Henry V., was such a one. She became a nun here after the death of her husband at the battle of Beauge.

In later times, especially after the Black Death, nunneries often took in boarders, who were no part of the religious establishment. They brought "grist to the mill," and such "paying guests" helped the finances of the household. But they often introduced lax living and irregularities of various kinds into otherwise quiet homes, which had a very damaging effect upon the professed sisters in many cases, leading them to be flighty, troublesome, and impatient under restraint.

It is sometimes said that woman's best weapon is her needle; and certainly that weapon was largely employed in most nunneries. We do not know that needlework was a speciality here, as it was at Syon; but Sopwell nunnery has a unique claim for distinction before all others. In the fifteenth century, Dame Juliana Berners, the head of Sopwell Nunnery, made excursions into the world of letters and literature, dealing with subjects which did not bear very closely upon the ordinary routine of a nun's life in the early days. This literary lady may have been typical of her age, or may have been in advance of her age. Whether it is the intrinsic merit of her work, or

the fortunate circumstance that the "pore scholemaster" printer of St. Albans happened to be in want of "copy" for the humble printing press which he had set up under the shadow of St. Albans monastery, and probably under the protection of that powerful ruler, which led to the printing of her literary efforts or not, we do not know. Whether Dame Juliana was a patroness and supporter of the new art, and he printed her literary efforts in recognition of her countenance and patronage; or whether he perceived that there was "money" in the reverend lady's work, we cannot say. We do not know what fortunate chain of circumstances led to the production of the series of treatises on hawking, hunting, fishing, and heraldry, which go to make up Dame Juliana's *Book of St. Albans*. The subjects have no apparent connection with the profession of the lady to whom their authorship or editorship is attributed, and have nothing to do with monastery, nunnery, or town of St. Albans; yet the crowning glory of Sopwell is the *Book of St. Albans*. The unknown St. Albans printer and the literary Sopwell prioress stand side by side in the front rank of the pioneers of printing, and of the modern art and craft of book-making.

THE BATTLES OF ST. ALBANS AND BARNET

By the Editor

I.

THAT period of England's history which covers the Wars of the Roses is, unfortunately, one of the scantiest in historical authorities. We have the valuable Paston Letters, the Croyland Continuator, the works of Fabyan, William of Worcester, and *The Arrival of Edward IV.*, this last being edited by Mr. Bruce for the Camden Society. But these are almost the only records we have—and in parts they are strangely conflicting—of a civil war which deluged England with blood and cost a hundred thousand lives.

Preceded by the unsuccessful rebellion of "Jack Cade," it is a matter of history that this war broke out in the spring of 1455, and that the first battle of St. Albans was also the opening engagement of the strife. For nine months King Henry VI. had been well-nigh insane. During that period Richard, Duke of York, acted as King-Regent, and the Duke of Somerset (the King's principal adherent) was committed to the Tower. On the King's recovery, York resigned his office, Somerset being released and restored to power. Seriously alarmed at this—Somerset being his bitterest enemy—York retired to Ludlow Castle, and assembled his vassals. On this point there is no little controversy: he certainly enjoyed the co-operation of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of

Salisbury and his son, Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick (afterwards styled "the King-maker"), but the forces collected by York are variously estimated at from three thousand to ten thousand. The former estimate is probably the correct one. Richard's partisans became known as fighters for the "White Rose," and all bore some badge of white in their helmets; the supporters of the House of Lancaster, similarly, wore a badge of red or crimson. York at first confined his demands to a reformation of the government and the removal of the Somerset party.

Meanwhile, the Queen (Margaret of Anjou) had raised a little army of three thousand men, which included some of the highest names in the land. With these, she and the King issued forth from London against the Yorkists, who were already advancing on the capital to enforce their leader's claims. Having reached St. Albans and halted there, the Royal troops were about to recommence their march on the morning of May 22nd, 1455, when York's banners were seen in the distance, and his followers were perceived to be occupying the hills overlooking the high road.

The Yorkists having halted in a field close to the city, the Duke of Buckingham was sent forward in the King's name to demand why they were assembled in arms. In reply, York (who subsequently affirmed that he submitted to the King letters proposing an accommodation, and that Somerset and one Thorpe, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, suppressed such letters) despatched a herald with the following message:—That he and his followers came as friends and servants of the King, but were firmly resolved to remove the Duke of Somerset and his partisans from serving His Majesty, whatever it might cost; and Richard's further demand was that the obnoxious Somerset should be given up to him. To this was answered that King Henry "would not abandon any of the lords who were faithful to him, but rather would do battle upon it at peril of life and crown."

York was ordered to lay down his arms, which, of course, he refused to do; and both parties made ready for battle. The odds looked in favour of the Lancastrians, who were in possession of the city, and had strongly barricaded its narrow streets. On the other hand, the most warlike leaders were on the side of York, who now drew up his plan of attack. While he in person furiously assailed the barricades at the entrance to St. Albans, Warwick sought the outskirts of the city for a vulnerable spot; and this he is said to have found with the assistance of some local sympathisers with York's cause. Crossing gardens and other obstructions, Warwick's retainers burst unexpectedly on the flank of the Royalists, with loud cries of "A Warwick! A Warwick!" Nevil's crest—"the rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff"—was seen in the forefront of the battle. Almost simultaneously, York's troops broke through after severe fighting, and with enthusiastic shouts of "A York! A York!" The hated Somerset was encountered by York himself, and—

> Underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
> The Castle[1] in St. Albans—

was killed.

Most of the battles of that crude age were, as is well known, won by the skill of the English archers, and this battle was no exception to the rule. King Henry was wounded in the neck, the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Dudley in the face—all by arrows. The Earl of Wiltshire was also wounded. The Earl of Northumberland, the Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford (Buckingham's eldest son), hoping to retrieve the fortunes of the day, headed a desperate charge. Clifford was shot dead by an archer, after killing York's charger; Northumberland shared a similar fate; and Stafford received an arrow in the arm. There was, in fact, fearful slaughter among

[1] The Duke had been told to beware of *a castle*.

the Lancastrian leaders, while hardly a man of note fell on the opposite side. The King's army gave way after about an hour's fighting, and fled in hopeless confusion, leaving many prisoners behind them. There was not much attempt at pursuit.

Such was the first battle of St. Albans, memorable as being the opening fight between York and Lancaster. With regard to the numbers of the slain, the old chroniclers are again at variance. Edward Hall states the number at eight thousand, and Stow (1525-1605) reckons it at five thousand. On the other hand, Crane, who was present at the battle, writes to his cousin, John Paston, that the slain numbered but "six score"; while Sir John Stoner says only forty-eight bodies were buried in St. Albans. Assuredly, if we take into account the relative forces engaged, five thousand is far too high an estimate; still, this battle was undoubtedly something more than the "skirmish" which some writers have described.

King Henry was discovered after the fight, wounded, in the house of a tanner. The Duke of York, on his knees, renewed his broken oath of fealty, and "congratulated" Henry on the death of Somerset. The Duke then conducted the King first to the shrine of St. Alban, and afterwards to an apartment in the abbey precincts. In a few days the parties proceeded to London, and the quarrel was, to all appearances, patched up. Three years later, in 1458, the King visited Berkhamsted, where he made the following award with reference to the battle of St. Albans:—That the Duke of York should pay to the Dowager Duchess of Somerset and her children the sum of five thousand marks; that the Earl of Warwick should pay to the young Lord Clifford the sum of one thousand marks; and that the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick should, within two years, found a chantry for the repose of the souls of the three lords killed in battle.

II.

After the first blood spilt at St. Albans, Queen Margaret's party continued in the ascendant for two or three years. But in 1459 the Duke of York suddenly laid claim to the crown of England, and in September his principal adherent, the Earl of Salisbury, routed the Lancastrian army at Bloreheath, in Staffordshire. Shortly afterwards, however, the Duke of York's party, seized with an incomprehensible panic, dispersed, he and his friends fleeing to France and Ireland for refuge; but next year they returned, entered London at the head of twenty-five thousand men, marched northwards, and defeated the Lancastrians at Northampton, where King Henry fell into their hands. The Queen now approached with a large force, and gained a brilliant victory at Wakefield, but sullied it by the execution of the Duke of York, who was taken prisoner, and several other Yorkist leaders. The young Earl of March, York's son (afterwards Edward IV.), succeeded to his father's title and pretensions. Wakefield was fought on December 30th, 1460.

On New Year's Day, Queen Margaret turned her steps towards London, having the Lord Clifford for her chief lieutenant. Her army was mainly composed of the Northern Borderers, who were guilty of great excesses *en route*, and who are said to have been promised the spoil of "the counties south of the Trent" as the price of their adhesion. They entered Hertfordshire about the middle of February, and on the 17th encountered an army of Yorkists under the Earl of Warwick.

The issue was again to be decided in the vicinity of St. Albans. Warwick, marching out of the capital, had posted his troops on the shallow hills south-east of the venerable city, where he awaited the coming of the Royalist forces. His own soldiers—nearly all Kentishmen —were numerous, and had been strongly reinforced by volunteers, for most of the Londoners had been Yorkist

sympathisers since the suspicious death of the Duke of Gloucester some time before. The unfortunate King Henry accompanied Warwick's army as a prisoner.

Remembering their previous success on almost the same battle-ground, the partisans of York prepared to dispute the Queen's march on London with all their strength. The Royalists were repulsed in their first headlong charge by the skill and steadiness of Warwick's archers, though they penetrated to the city cross. On this, the Lancastrians forced their way through St. Albans by another street, and a sanguinary contest took place on Barnard's Heath, betwixt St. Albans and Barnet. Fiercely led on by Lord Clifford and his eager subordinates, the Queen's Borderers gradually made an impression on the enemy. Still, they would certainly have had their work cut out but for the unexpected treachery of Lord Lovelace, who deserted Warwick in the grip of the fight, and took his followers over to Margaret. Then the Yorkists fairly began to give way, leaving only the gallant Kentishmen to fight for a retreat; and it is to the honour of the hop county that its representatives scarcely needed the presence of Lord Warwick to animate them. It was not until nightfall that they finally broke and dispersed. Dr. Maunder says that the Yorkists left no fewer than two thousand three hundred dead behind them; at any rate, their losses amounted to two thousand—a far more sanguinary and decisive affair than the first battle of St. Albans. These must all be reckoned as *killed*, if we allow for the savage nature of the Northern Borderers. The Lancastrians also lost a good many men, including Sir John Grey of Groby, whose widow, the Lady Elizabeth Grey, was destined to become the Queen of Edward IV.

An impartial review of the second battle of St. Albans must elicit the fact that the Yorkists ought to have rendered an excellent account of the Lancastrians. Whereas, however, the Royalists bore themselves as

fully intending to win, their antagonists fought in half-hearted fashion, with the notable exception of the men of Kent. To illustrate this, Shakespeare makes the Earl of Warwick say:—

> Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
> Or like a lazy thresher with his flail—
> Fell gently down as if they struck their friends.
> I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
> With promise of high pay and great rewards.
> But all in vain: they had no heart to fight,
> And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
> So that we fled.

Most probably, too, Warwick's Londoners regarded the Queen's recent victory at Wakefield as an evil omen, and they cannot have been insensible to the fate in store for them if captured by the inhuman Lord Clifford, for the Lancastrians slaughtered their prisoners.

King Henry was discovered in a tent under the care of Lord Montague, his chamberlain, and Lord Bonville. The last-named had been ordered by Warwick to look to the "safety" of the King during the engagement. Although a Yorkist, Lord Bonville was agreeable to Henry, who begged him to remain, and assured him of the royal protection; but as soon as the "she-wolf of France" arrived upon the scene, she caused the unfortunate nobleman to be put to death, along with Sir Thomas Kyriel, a gallant soldier, distinguished in the wars in France. An immediate advance on London might possibly have ended the long agony of "the pale and of the purple rose"; but any such action was frustrated by the action of the Queen's Borderers, who, having been *promised* plunder, were bent on obtaining it ere doing anything further. They immediately pillaged St. Albans, raided the surrounding country, and looted the splendid abbey. This last gross act of sacrilege incensed Whethamstede, the famous Abbot of St. Albans, to such a degree that he went over to the Yorkist faction. The

Londoners now closed their gates against the northern plunderers, and declared for Edward of York, whom the Queen meanwhile declared a traitor by the style of "the late Earl of Marche," and many former Lancastrian sympathisers became alienated. Margaret, who appears to have established her headquarters at the neighbouring village of Barnet, demanded of the Londoners that they should send in supplies for her army. When the Lord Mayor would have consented, however, the citizens would not. Four hundred cavalry, who were despatched to back the royal demand, did, indeed, pillage the northern suburbs of London, but were driven off from the capital by the exasperated populace.

The intolerable situation created by the proximity of the Lancastrian forces could not last long. York, having won a battle at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire, marched rapidly Londonwards, united with Warwick, and entered the capital amid scenes of the utmost rejoicing, whereupon the Queen made haste to break up her camp at Barnet and return to the North, narrowly escaping a collision with Edward's formidable army. Here really ended the stormy reign of Henry VI. Once more to borrow from Shakespeare:—

> I, Henry, born at Monmouth,
> Shall small time reign and much get,
> But Henry of Windsor shall long time reign and lose all;
> But as God wills, so be it.

III.

Warwick. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.
K. Edward. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way—
Lords, to the field: Saint George and victory!
—*King Henry VI.* Part iii., Act v.

The battle of Towton was fought on Palm Sunday, 1461, and the battle of Hexham followed on May 15th,

1464. In both encounters the Lancastrian party were routed with great slaughter. King Henry was consigned to the Tower of London by Warwick the King-maker; but five years later occurred the defection of Lords Warwick and Clarence from the Yorkist cause, and the release of Henry from the Tower, when Edward IV. incontinently fled abroad.

Thanks to the Duke of Burgundy, however, Edward was enabled to land at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, early in 1471, at the head of two thousand men. He immediately moved southwards, and was rapidly joined by many who dropped away from the Lancastrian cause. Near Coventry (March 29th) Warwick's army stood ready to oppose him; but the Duke of Gloucester visited "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" in the night, with the result that the latter's twelve thousand men were in line next morning on Edward's side! This hideous treachery enabled the Yorkists to march on London without hindrance from the furious Warwick. A few days later King Edward entered the capital, and ex-King Henry "once more passed from the throne to the dungeon." The Commons undertook to furnish Edward with fourteen thousand archers.

Warwick, "desperate of a reconciliation," and having the co-operation of his brother, the ambiguous Marquis of Montague, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Oxford, Henry, Duke of Exeter, and others, determines to put matters to the issue of a general action. He accordingly moves after Edward and concentrates his forces in a good position at Barnet, twelve miles north of London. Such artillery as he had he posted to the best advantage. To do the perfidious Clarence justice, he now sent to Warwick with offers of an accommodation, for the wife of Clarence was Warwick's daughter, and she felt anxious, for her father's sake, to avert further bloodshed. But the stately King-maker sternly replied to the representations of the messenger: "Go, and tell your master that Warwick, true to his oath, is a better man than the false and perjured

Clarence!" Both parties were so embittered that no earthly mediation could be accepted now.

King Edward feeling strong enough to fight outside the capital, the two armies came together at Barnet Common[1] late on Easter Eve, April 13th, 1471. That of the King was accompanied by Friar Bungey, the infamous necromancer and swindler, in whose charge was poor King Henry.

The Yorkists had to form line of battle in the dark; consequently, their *right wing*, instead of being placed opposite the Lancastrian *left*, confronted their *centre*, and Edward's *left*, therefore, stretched away to the westward without any opponents whatever! Indeed, if Friar Bungey had not opportunely raised a thick fog on the following morning, this serious mistake must have been discovered, and Edward would have paid the penalty. As it was, when the left wing of each army advanced through the mist (about four o'clock on Easter morn), they found no enemy. Both thereupon wheeled round towards the main army, and Warwick's left, under the Earls of Oxford and Montague, opened the battle most auspiciously by completely crushing the Yorkist right under Hastings, and driving it through Barnet in the direction of London, where the White Rose partisans spread the news of King Edward's discomfiture.

As on a former memorable occasion, Warwick (persuaded this time by Montague) slew his coal-black destrier with his own hand, and fought on foot. The Yorkist left came up to the assistance of their centre; Edward, greatly exasperated by the Commons' attachment to the Earl, issued orders to spare nobody, and to slay the leaders in particular. He and the deformed Richard of Gloucester raged in the forefront of the fight, and their war-cries rent the air. Yet they would certainly have suffered defeat but for the occurrence of one of those dreadful

[1] Warwick's head-quarters were on Gladsmuir Heath, a chase "stocked with beasts of game." His outriders were followed past St. John's Church by those of the King.

catastrophies which too often decide the fate of battles. The device of Edward's people, emblazoned on their surcoats, was a *sun* with rays diverging from it; that of Warwick's lieutenant, the Earl of Oxford, being a *star* with rays, emblazoned on both back and front of his retainers' coats. Now, Oxford had chased the Yorkist right a little too far. He was hastening back through the fog (after the manner of Prince Rupert in later times) to make up for his prolonged absence, when Warwick's people mistook his cognizance—the star—for the sun of Edward, and attacked him with fury. In an instant all was confusion. Shouts of "Treason!" arose, and Oxford, naturally believing himself to be betrayed, fled amain with eight hundred of his men.

This mistake was such a one as, in modern days, cost the life of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, or crippled Longstreet in the Wilderness; and it proved fatal to the Red Rose. The exultant Edward rode furiously about, bringing all his available force to bear upon Warwick's remaining troops. The "stout Earl" knew full well that it had become a war of extermination —that there was no hope of quarter. So he prepared to die as he had lived. Exeter was already down, wounded by an arrow. Both wings of the Lancastrian army had disappeared.

Edward, "mounted on his white steed, with his teeth firmly set, the spur pressing his charger's side," seemed omnipresent. Seeing that the moment had arrived to strike a decisive blow, he brought up his reserves and led them into action. "This," exclaimed the undaunted Warwick, "this is their last resource. If we withstand this charge, the day will yet be ours." But alas! scarcely one remained to respond to the Nevil war-cry. Warwick and Montague—the latter acquitted himself nobly here—slowly retreated to the neighbouring wood, where they made a last stand. Bulwer Lytton represents them as here dying side by side, surrounded by heaps of Yorkist slain.

Ten thousand is too high an estimate of the Lancastrian loss at Barnet. It included twenty-three knights (among them Sir William Tyrrell) and three thousand fighting men. Dr. Maunder and Mr. J. G. Edgar both tell us that the victors themselves lost fifteen hundred fighting men, besides the Lords Say and Cromwell, Sir John Lisle (son of Lord Berners), Sir Humphrey Bourchier, etc. The dead were buried on the spot, and a chapel was erected there. Few of Warwick's colleagues escaped, the two principal exceptions being the Earl of Oxford and the Duke of Somerset; these went to join the Earl of Pembroke, the former especially having hair-breadth escapes. The Duke of Exeter was picked up on the field for dead; but when found to be still alive, was conveyed to the sanctuary of Westminster by his domestics. King Edward must have violated the sanctuary, however, as the unfortunate nobleman's corpse was afterwards found floating in the sea off Dover. The corpses of Lords Warwick and Montague were carried to London in the same coffin, and were exposed naked for three days on the floor of St. Paul's Cathedral, "as a striking warning against subjects interfering with kings and crowns." They were then transported to the burial place of the Nevils at Bisham Priory, Berkshire. Unhappily, Bisham Priory was destroyed at the Reformation, leaving no stone to mark the resting-place of "The Last of the Barons."

BERKHAMSTED CASTLE

By E. H. Stewart Walde

IN any descriptive account of Hertfordshire, the castle at Berkhamsted is justly entitled to a more than passing mention. As an historic fortress it must, perhaps, yield pride of place to that of the county town, and in archæological interest can hardly claim comparison with St. Albans. But its massive, if somewhat scanty, remains have, unlike those of its sister of Hertford, fortunately escaped the hand of the builder and restorer, and guard to this day a secluded site that has stood untouched for nearly five hundred years. At what date fortifications were first erected here cannot be determined without further excavation. Its vicinity to the great bank of "Gryme's Dyke" would seem to indicate that even in prehistoric times its defensive value must have been recognised; and the discovery of a coin of Cunobelin—grandson of Julius Cæsar's opponent, Cassivellaunus—and of others of the Roman Empire, suggests that the beginning of our era found it inhabited. Attempts, indeed, have been made to identify the site with that of Durocobrivis, the ancient British "city of the marshy stream." And though we may be disinclined to endorse this conjecture, the strategic importance of the place cannot be denied. Berkhamsted lies at the southern end of the principal valley of the central Chilterns—that of the Bulbourne, a tributary of the Colne—at a point where it widens to receive a brook that descends from the common on the north-east of the town. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say

"descended"; for, as so often occurs in a chalk country, the actual stream has now sunk beneath the surface, and at the present day emerges only a few yards from its outfall. Originally, however, its appearance was far different. Flanked by woods and impenetrable undergrowth, it debouched upon the main valley as a marsh of some breadth, and uniting with a similar morass formed by the main stream, extended to within a furlong or so of the Roman road, Akman Street, which, even more than Watling Street, gave the pass of easiest communication between north-western England and London. It is no mere accident that the main line of the London and North-Western Railway and the Grand Junction Canal both lie within a stone's throw of the ruins; that the latter now receives the water from the castle moat, while the former here found considerable difficulty in securing the foundation of its embankment.

During Roman times, in fact, the junction of these two streams constituted an obvious point of observation for defending the highly-civilised country that surrounded Verulamium from the inroads of the wild tribes of central England. And, as if to emphasise this advantage, from the midst of the marsh, just before the confluence of the brook with the Bulbourne, rises a low oval bank of gravel that, once guarded, must to the feeble artillery of the primitive Britons have been impregnable. We are perhaps, then, justified in imagining that the soldiers of the empire passing west would see here on the right some form of permanent military encampment, occupied by a detached outpost of their legions, and communicating with the main road by a causeway built through the morass along the line of the modern Castle Street.

On the withdrawal, in A.D. 400, of the Roman arms from Britain, the district offered some resistance to the attack of the invader from the north and east. Rallying round Verulamium, the Romanised Celts repelled for nearly a century the incessant inroads of the East Saxons,

who, after once passing the forts of the Saxon shore, proceeded to establish their dominion more and more firmly throughout Essex and Eastern Hertfordshire. But with the capture and subsequent sack of St. Albans, central England lapsed back into barbarism or utter desolation, and the last civilised inhabitants which our valley saw for many years were the fugitives that haunted its hills and forests after the fall of the capital city. Whatever settlement may have existed on the present site disappeared. Two centuries passed before we begin to find even legendary indications of human habitation: then the new name of the town appears, probably without due reason, in connection with the great council held by Wihthraede, King of Kent, in 697. But the earliest indubitable mention of Berkhamsted only occurs, far later still, in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle of the end of the ninth century. The castle itself, however, must have been of considerably more ancient foundation than the town, if, rejecting the derivation from "berg," a hill, we accept the usual interpretation of the name—the "homestead of the burg," or tower. For that name proves, through all its fifty and more accredited ways of spelling, that the settlement was created by and grew up under the shelter of the fortress.

We are, then, fairly justified in supposing that, comparatively early in Anglo-Saxon times, the castle site was occupied by some form of defensive and residential enclosure, co-extensive with the gravel bank, which is some feet higher than the surrounding ground. These defences would be of no very elaborate character; but, failing a mound and trench of Roman occupation, must have at least defined the area by a low earth-work surmounted by a wooden palisade and protected by a ditch. Such was the appearance of the spot when, after the long period of consolidation that followed the great invasions, it was finally incorporated with the Anglian Mercia—a conglomerate kingdom that occupied the whole

of central England—and here, in its south-east corner, marched with that of the East Saxons. A tradition of some authority has actually represented it as frequently visited by the Mercian kings, and it is tempting to suppose that within its walls may have resided Offa, who alone of English sovereigns before Alfred enjoyed a European reputation. It is clear, at any rate, that this frontier position enhanced the importance of Berkhamsted, and doubtless involved it as a key fortress in many a prehistoric struggle between the Mercian power and that of the West Saxons before the latter, under Egbert, secured the supremacy of England.

Then came the irruption of the Danes, and at the peace of Wedmore in 878, Berkhamsted, as a close neighbour to Watling Street and the head waters of the Lea, once more became practically a frontier town. During the succeeding century of war between the English and the Danelaw its military value must rather have increased than diminished, and in the year of the Norman Conquest it appears as an important native stronghold. After the battle of Hastings, William marched up the south bank of the Thames to Wallingford, crossed there, and chose Berkhamsted as the place of encampment from which he could best command the three great highways of the north and west—Watling Street, Ermine Street, and Icknield Street. This attempt to isolate London was completely successful. Edwin and Morcar, the northern leaders, either could not or would not help the south. With as good a grace as might be, the English leaders acquiesced in their helplessness, offered William the crown, and Berkhamsted thus became traditionally the scene of the meeting that inaugurated the new epoch in our history.

In the division of spoil that followed, we learn from Domesday Book that Berkhamsted fell to the share of the Conqueror's half-brother, Robert, Count of Mortain, who was created Earl of Cornwall. To him is attributed by Camden the actual building of the castle. Rather

should we consider that he merely re-constructed it, and that in his or immediately succeeding hands it more definitely assumed the character of a Norman fortress. Of this we have for important evidence the fact that it is in many respects a typical specimen of the Saxon castles that were "converted" subsequent to the Conquest. Those of purely Norman origin consisted, as at Dover, of three concentric rings of defensive works. First, a moat and outer wall encircling the whole, and giving entrance to the outer bailey or ballium, in which stood the church or chapel—a space sufficiently large for the whole garrison to be marshalled for defence within it. Secondly, a trench and inner wall surrounding the enclosure known as the inner bailey or ward, which contained the offices for servants and retainers, the granaries and storehouses. And, finally, inmost of all, the keep—a square or rectangular building of great height and strength, which, based at times on an artificial mound, formed a last resort when the outworks had been taken.

At Berkhamsted we look in vain for such regularity. In the first place, there is no outer bailey, and the whole oval of some 170 yards north and south by 100 yards east and west is occupied by the inner ward. Secondly, the artificial truncated mound of about sixty feet in height, on which the keep once stood, so far from being doubly enclosed, actually breaks the circuit of this single ward at the north end, and gives directly on to the moat. Lastly, the keep itself, which the main ditch isolated from the ward by a loop that has now been filled up, was, to judge from recent excavation, roughly circular and not a rectangle. It is not too much to suppose, then, that these departures from the distinctively Norman type prove that the work of the reputed founder was merely an adaptation and extension largely based on defences already existing. On no other theory can the comparatively exposed position of the keep be explained.

Under these circumstances we should expect to find

a compensating strength elsewhere. And we are not mistaken. The inner ditch, or moat, as we have termed it, is of great depth, and in width nowhere less than fifty feet; while at the south-east and south-west, instead of following the oval contour of the ward, it broadens to such an extent that the whole becomes a rude triangle, with the keep as apex at the north. Bounding this rises a steep narrow earthwork—the middle bank—which, constituting, so to speak, the rudiments of an outer ward, expands at the two southern corners into mounds that stand some twenty feet above the general level. Just half-way between these, facing Castle Street, was the main entrance, of which two parallel fragmentary walls are still to be seen. Yet another water defence—the outer ditch—and an outer bank projecting at intervals into great bastions—if such, indeed, they are—complete the fortifications, which measure, roughly, 330 yards in length by 220 in breadth.

Such a complex system of water and earthworks, affording as it did little ground from which to proceed to the assault of the inner defences when the outer had been taken, must have presented insuperable difficulties to the besieger of early times. And when, by damming the stream and so flooding the exterior base of the outer bank, the castle was still further isolated, it must have been impregnable except to blockade. At the date, however, with which we are now dealing, the fortress was not so formidable. Taking over the inner ward and keep, the Norman founder seems to have added the middle bank and the trench that guarded it. There his work ceased. The outer bank can hardly be earlier than the reign of Henry III., and may be later still.

The first Earl of Cornwall was succeeded by his son William, and one or the other is stated by Matthew Paris to have been present at the hunting in the New Forest in which the Red King lost his life. In the reign of Henry I. it was this Earl William who joined his cousin

Robert, Duke of Normandy, in the rebellion that ended with the battle of Tenchebrai. Like that leader, he was captured, his estates were confiscated, and the new castle razed to the ground. The manor, thus reverting to the Crown, now enters on a period of apparent dissociation from the Earldom of Cornwall, during which it appears held directly from the King, as over-lord, by various individuals, generally the chancellors or justiciars of the realm. Of this series the first is the chancellor Randulf, who, receiving the castle by grant of Henry I., rebuilt it, and, according to the chronicler Henry of Huntingdon, died of a fall from his horse when proudly conducting the King to lodge as a guest within its walls. But it was under that monarch's grandson, Henry II., that Berkhamsted, escaping with other ancient foundations the fate of the 1,115 "adulterine" or illegal castles that had devastated the country during the reign of Stephen, began to receive more particular marks of royal favour. Two years after his accession he granted to the town a regular charter that freed the inhabitants from all tolls and duties throughout his English and Continental dominions; and probably about the same date the wardenship of the building was conferred on no less a person than Thomas of London, better known to posterity as Thomas à Becket. On his appointment in 1162 as Archbishop of Canterbury, Becket resigned the office of chancellor much in opposition to Henry's wishes, but would not resign the manors of Eye and Berkhamsted, "which," says Stubbs, "were usually held as part of the endowment of the chancellor." And it was this refusal to part with "two of the finest pieces of the secular patronage of the Crown," as the same author terms them, that in a measure led to the great quarrel which ensued between the King and Archbishop. After the fall and death of Becket, Henry himself is said to have not seldom resided and held his court at Berkhamsted.

During the reign of Richard I., the most non-resident of English kings, the history of the castle, like that of so

much of the country, is virtually blank; but with the accession of his brother John we enter upon what is, perhaps, its most interesting period. The first act of the infatuated prince was to divorce his wife, Hadwisa, or Avice, of Gloucester, to whom he had been married ten years, and contract an alliance with Isabella of Angoulême, whose hand was already promised elsewhere. To the latter lady the castle was given as a jointure-palace, but almost immediately afterwards granted at a high rental to Geoffrey FitzPeter, Earl of Essex, justiciar of the realm. The justiciar, a politician of the stern school of Henry II., had held the supreme power during the latter part of Richard's absence, and was little likely to view John's mismanagement of affairs with equanimity. His death in 1213 was hailed with relief by the King, who was beginning to be involved in his famous quarrel with the barons. "By God's Feet," said he, "now am I for the first time King and Lord of England." To this enmity the son, also a Geoffrey, succeeded. He enraged the King by marrying the divorced Avice of Gloucester, and, declaring for the barons, was deprived of Berkhamsted and his other estates. The signing of Magna Carta in 1215 brought no relief to the political tension, and when civil war became inevitable, the castle, among others, was put in a state of defence under the King's personal supervision. After his death, Louis of France, to whom the barons had offered the crown, having reduced Hertford, advanced to the siege of Berkhamsted in December, 1216. The garrison, which seems to have been insufficiently provisioned, held out for a fortnight against overwhelming numbers, and after making two successful sorties in one day, surrendered on honourable terms. But Louis's success was of short duration. Defeated in person on land at Lincoln, and deprived of his reinforcements by Hubert de Burgh's naval victory off Dover, he was obliged to leave the country, and the castle falling once more into royal hands was granted by Henry III. to his younger brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, afterwards King of the Romans—that

is to say, heir-elect to the Holy Roman Empire. It was at Berkhamsted that this famous prince died in 1272, where already, in 1243, Hubert de Burgh, the great justiciar and hero of Dover, had breathed his last. Richard's son and successor, Edmund, seems to have somewhat neglected the building, which, as he died without issue, reverted to Edward I., and by him was given as dower to his second wife, Queen Margaret. Under Edward II. it was granted to the favourite, Piers Gaveston, who was created Earl of Cornwall, and was the scene of his marriage to the King's niece. During that worthless monarch's reign it experienced other changes which hardly call for notice, and its glories were only renewed when the great Edward III., choosing it as a royal residence, put it once more in thorough repair. Among State papers still exist two documents, the first containing the King's command for an inquisition into the state of the building, the second the report of the inquisition itself.

We are now arrived at the date when the association with the Earldom of Cornwall, which had been so marked a feature of the previous history of the castle, was formally and finally confirmed by the grant of it to the most famous holder of the title, the Black Prince. On him, as Duke of Cornwall, and his heirs, and on "the eldest sons of the heirs of the kings of England," the castle was conferred and, from him descending in unbroken succession to our own times, remains a royal domain, granted at a nominal rent by our present sovereign to Earl Brownlow. Hence it was at Berkhamsted that the most chivalrous of English princes long resided; that, as we may still read in the pages of Froissart, an eye-witness, in 1361 he received in state and bade a last farewell to his mother, Queen Philippa; and that John, King of France, taken prisoner by him at Poitiers, was for a time held in honourable captivity. Under his son, Richard II., a name not less illustrious in a far different sphere, though borne by a clerk of the royal works, is connected with the castle—that of Geoffrey Chaucer.

The fortress, having passed successively to the three Henrys of Lancaster, was by the first Yorkist King, Edward IV., assigned as residence to Cicely, Duchess of York, mother of that king and Richard III., and grandmother of the princes murdered in the Tower—all of whom she survived. On her death in 1495, the building, probably left untenanted, soon fell into decay, and when visited by Leland in 1538 the "old castle in a roote of a hill, standing somewhat low," was already "much in ruine." And when, finally, Sir Edward Cary, in the reign of Elizabeth, built Berkhamsted Place, decay seems to have been assisted by destruction. It can hardly be doubted, in view of the absence of dressed stone among the ruins, that the castle became a quarry for the erection of the Elizabethan mansion that stands on the hill to-day. Thus stripped of its outer covering, the core of chalk, flint, and mortar could offer little resistance to the attacks of time and weather. Of the containing wall of the inner ward much still remains, including a curtain that leads up to the mound on which stood the keep. Some slight excavation of the latter has recently taken place, and brought to light the foundations, a fireplace, and the well. These, with the fragments of the outer gate or barbican, constitute all that, without further search, is to be seen of the noble building which, with its "great painted chamber" or hall, its three chapels, and its "divers towers," was so long considered a residence worthy of royal occupants. For the rest, its magnificence can only be re-constructed from the evidence of the earthworks which we have described, and the pages of the antiquaries who actually beheld it. But, overgrown by and embowered in trees, and surrounded by its moats, the site of the castle is strikingly beautiful, and still has its uses. The great expanse of the inner ward, affording a suitable scene for local festivities and athletic sports, carries on, in a more peaceful and humble guise, the traditions of that pomp and chivalry which for so long distinguished it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HERTFORDSHIRE

By the Editor

And here againe out of the kingly streame
They passe by Roydon through little Estwycke quite.
Then they salute Hunsdon, the nurserie,
And foster-house of thrice-renowned Swannes (Swains?)
Whose honour, and whose noble progenie,
Gives glorie to that honourable house.
Lord, how they live, all glorious as the sunne,
With types and titles fit for their degree,
As kinsman to our most redoubted Queene,
And men of high desert unto the State.
—*Tale of Two Swannes.*

THAT the Virgin Queen always entertained a genuine affection for Hertfordshire and for its people, we know well. At Hunsdon, indeed, she lived with her governess or nurse, Lady Bryan, "during the time of her teething"[1]; nor do the years so spent appear to have been inordinately happy or hilarious ones. Hunsdon House, in which they were passed, was built (A.D. 1447) by Sir William Oldhall, knight, and was of brick. We even know the exact cost of its erection—that is, provided we may accept the word of Humphrey Paris, Sir William's wardrobe keeper, who states it at seven thousand marks, eight shillings, and twopence halfpenny. But such sordid matters need not concern our narrative. Sufficient for our purpose that the three children of Henry VIII.—Prince Edward, Princess Mary,

1 Miss Strickland, *Lives of the Queens.*

and Princess Elizabeth—were all brought up at Hunsdon, Mary even remaining until Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen.

For a Royal Princess to be in absolute need of necessary clothing is an almost unique experience, one would think. Yet this was the strait to which the poor little Princess Elizabeth was reduced by the divorce and death of her unhappy mother, Queen Katherine of Arragon. We find Lady Bryan writing as follows, in sore perplexity (but, unhappily, the letter is undated), to Lord Cromwell, the Chancellor:—

> Beseeching you to be good lord to my lady and to all hers; and that she may have some raiment. For she hath neither gown nor kirtle nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor foresmocks nor kerchiefs nor sleeves nor rails, nor body stitchets nor mufflers nor biggins. . . . God knoweth my lady hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come very slowly forth. Good my lord, have my lady's Grace and us that be her poor servants in your remembrance.

I cannot say what may have been the reply to Lady Bryan's piteous appeal; but we may surely assume that the Lord Cromwell did not prove adamant in the matter of clothing for the Princess. Besides, Elizabeth bore the home of her childhood no ill-will; for long after she became Queen, in 1572, we find her re-visiting Hunsdon House as the guest of her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, the son of Mary Boleyn. In that year the Queen travelled to Hunsdon in great state, and attended by Leicester, Burleigh, Howard, and the other splendid courtiers of that time. Four years later, Elizabeth was here again, the parish registers showing that she stood sponsor to one of Lord Hunsdon's daughters. In the old church is still shown the pew occupied by Her Majesty.

But meanwhile, when Edward VI. had come to the throne, he had granted to his favourite sister, Elizabeth, Ashridge, near Berkhamsted, that great historic mansion which so justly ranks among the ancestral homes of England. The Princess Elizabeth resided at Ashridge

for more than ten years. In 1553 she quitted her retreat for a brief period to be present at her sister's coronation; and in January, 1554, Mary, suspecting her of complicity in the Wyatt rebellion, sent a peremptory message for her immediate return from Hertfordshire. This summons found Elizabeth lying on a bed of sickness; but the commissioners despatched by Mary, who waited upon the Princess at ten o'clock at night, compelled her to travel. In a fainting condition, she accordingly started from Ashridge on the following morning, but could only travel a few miles, resting that night at Radburn and the next at St. Albans, where she was the guest of Sir Ralph Romlatt.[1] She did not reach the capital until February 28th. Froude describes her at this time as a "magnificent girl, already the idol of the country."

Theobalds was another of the stately homes of Hertfordshire best entitled to be termed "royal." Lord Burleigh, then Sir William Cecil, commenced to build it in 1560, and between 1564 and 1596 Queen Elizabeth honoured him with a visit no fewer than *eight* times. Her visit of 1583 was the most gorgeous in effect, as she was attended by a large following, and made a stay of four days. Burleigh died in August, 1598, covered with years and honours, and the Queen is said to have held Court at Theobalds immediately afterwards. "Her Majestie sometimes had strangers and ambassadors come to see her at Theobalds," says *The Compleat Statesman*, "where she hath byn sene in as great royalty, and served as bountifully and magnificently as at any other time or place, all at his lordship's chardg." The knighting of Cecil took place here in 1593. Each of the royal visits cost him from £2,000 to £3,000—a great sum in those days. One of these visits was of *six weeks'* duration! A pretty story is told of how the Queen once circumvented Burleigh by conferring seven knighthoods in

[1] Memorialised in St. Albans Abbey.

"inverse ratio," the Secretary of State having placed the seven candidates for the royal favour in such order that the lowliest born would have taken precedence of the highest. This democratic attempt the Queen wittily prevented.

Theobalds is still better known in English history, however, as the deathplace of King James I., whose enthusiasm for the palace outrivalled that of his predecessor. He made it his favourite hunting and country residence—he sported and revelled here with "Baby" and "Steenie," with the King of Denmark and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar—and he died here on March 27th, 1625. Charles I. occasionally lived here; but alas! not a single stone or solitary vestige of Royal Theobalds now remains, it having been razed to the ground on the sale of Crown lands in 1649. Well was it written, as long ago as 1734—

> Thro' Theobalds passing, we the bounds remark,
> Of a once Royal Court and stately Park,
> But now from its primæval pride decay'd,
> Villas of wealthy Cits possess the shade.

But to return to the subject of Queen Elizabeth's connection with Hertfordshire. Another among the lordly homes of the county which she honoured by her preference was Gorhambury, the seat of her Chancellor and the world's philosopher, Nicholas Bacon. Sir Nicholas built himself Gorhambury between 1563 and 1568, at the total cost (if we may trust a Lambeth Palace MS.) of £1,898 11*s.* 9¾*d.* Some of the freestone used in its erection was procured from St. Albans Abbey, from which we may suppose that the latter building was at this period in the throes of one of its repeated "restorations." Over the façade of his residence the erudite Bacon wrote as follows:—

> Haeccum perfecit Nicolaus tecta Baconus
> Elizabeth regni lustra fuere duo;
> Factus eques, magni custos fuit ipse sigilli
> Gloria sit soli tota tubutu deo.
> Medicocria firma.

It is on record that the Queen once remarked to Sir Nicholas: "My lord, your house is too little for you"; to which his happy and courtier-like rejoinder was: "No, madam, but 'tis your Highness hath made me too great for my house." Great or not, Bacon was forced to entertain his Queen from time to time on a scale of exceeding magnificence. To entertain her four days cost him £577, or about one-third of the cost of building Gorhambury House! Here are a few of the items consumed on that occasion:—

Flour, £47 12s. 6d.; beer, £24 16s. 8d.; wine, £57 5s. 8d.; milk, 6d.; lights, £40 18s. 1d.; meat, £77 15s. 2d.; fowl, £105 12s. 11d.; fish, £37 18s. 6d.; wood and coals, £24 1s. 8d.; and to London cooks, £12. The guests or servants stole pewter to the value of £6 15s. 6d., and napery valued at £2 0s. 6d.

King's Langley, Standon, Tewin, and Knebworth were each similarly immortalised by Queen Bess at one time or another, though it is observable that her investigations were, for the most part, confined to the east side of the county. Knebworth, the seat of the Bulwer Lyttons, stands upon the most elevated ground that Hertfordshire contains. In Norman times it was a stern fortalice, sternly guarded by one Eudo Dapifer. Finished at the time of the Spanish Armada scare by Sir Rowland de Lytton, Lord Lieutenant of Herts. and Essex, Knebworth had the honour of receiving Her Majesty, who occupied a sleeping-chamber known to this day as "Queen Elizabeth's Chamber." At King's Langley may still be seen a few tumbled ruins of the palace built for King Henry III., where Edward III.'s son Edmund was born, and where ill-fated Richard II. stayed one Christmas. As for Tewin, this is now the seat of the Abel Smith family; Elizabeth is understood to have visited the old place known as Queen Hoo Hall. At Standon, Sir Ralph and Sir Thomas Sadleir respectively entertained Elizabeth and James I. Sir Thomas was Sheriff of the county.

Last, but by no means least, Hertford Castle was the

scene of one of Queen Bess's visitations. But it may be supposed that stern necessity brought her to the even then old-world town of Hertford, for London was decimated by a fearsome pestilence, and twice within a decade Parliament was moved from the capital to Hertford Castle. And did not Her Majesty entertain herself and her retinue, as if to compensate for the fatigue of bringing her and them from London? In sixteen days she ran through £1,920. Among the MSS. in the British Museum is one of rare interest, dated "Hertford, Dec. 20, 1545." This proves to us as nothing else could what a marvellous scholar Elizabeth must have been: the matter contained in the tiny volume having been translated by her into Latin, Italian, and French. For Elizabeth the Princess as well as Elizabeth the Queen knew—and, we may surmise, did not love—Hertford, one historian telling how "a small chamber is shown in the highest tower of the Castle as being the place of Elizabeth's captivity." Princess Mary was at the Castle in 1539, when Cromwell asked, but did not obtain, her consent to a marriage with Duke Philip of Bavaria; and Prince Edward (Edward VI.) sojourned here with Elizabeth some half-dozen years after. Edward was in Hertford Castle, in fact, when the Earl of Hertford arrived post-haste to inform him of King Henry's death and his own accession. Elizabeth was destined to become very popular here (as where was she not?), conferring numerous "rights and liberties" upon the county town, and granting it the Saturday market and four fairs annually, which still obtain. To take at random from old Vallens:—

> Thence backe again unto the chiefest towne
> Of all the Shire, and greatest of accompt,
> Defended with a Castle of some strength,
> Well walled, dyched, and amended late,
> By her, the onely mirror of the world,
> Our gracious Queene and Prince Elizabeth.

In Berkhamsted Parish Church is preserved Queen Elizabeth's coat-of-arms, surmounting this quaint inscription:—

This mighty Queen is dead and gone,
And leaves the world to wonder
How she a maiden Queen did live,
Few Kings have gone beyond her.

Moor Park.

MOOR PARK

By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.

FEW houses can rival Moor Park in its historical associations, the home of Lord and Lady Ebury, the lineal descendant of the great house famous in English annals, with which everybody who was anybody and every event worth recording seem somehow to have been connected. Lord Bulwer Lytton loved to people it with the shades of the mighty warriors in his *Last of the Barons*. In an autograph letter written to Lord Ebury in 1871, which lies before me, he says: "I suppose there is no historical romance existing which adheres so rigidly to accuracy in detail as *The Last of the Barons*. And I may say that now without vanity, for instead of deeming it a merit, I deem it a fault." Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare, and other writers have made it the background of their romances, and many a scene recorded in true history more remarkable than fiction has taken place here on this site.

The present house owes its birth to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of foolish Charles II., a man who added to his crime of rebellion against the King, for which he lost his head in an uncomfortable fashion on Tower Hill, the terrible fault of pulling down the old mansion, the home of romance and chivalry, for more than two centuries the magnificent abode of monarchs and princes. The estate of Moor Park became the property of the Crown on the attainder of the Duke, but was granted to the widowed Duchess by James II. as some compensation for the harsh treatment she had

received from her sovereign. In 1720, after having married and buried another husband, she sold Moor Park to Benjamin Hoskins Styles, who had amassed a large fortune in the South Sea Bubble, and, unlike most of the speculators in that hazardous enterprise, managed to sell his shares when they were at their highest value, and thus became enormously wealthy. He mightily transformed Moor Park, encasing it in Portland stone, erecting a magnificent portico, adding two wings connected with the house by colonnades in the Tuscan style. Sir James Thornhill was the director of the work, and an Italian, Leoni by name, was the chief designer of the alterations. Solid marble doorways, ceilings painted and gilded, magnificent pictures, galleries and staircases adorned with paintings remain as noble monuments of Mr. Styles's work at Moor Park. Admiral Lord Anson bought the place from the representatives of the Styles family, and added lustre to the mansion, expending vast sums on the house and grounds, employing in the latter that archpriest of destroyers of old gardens, "Capability Brown." Here in his beautiful home the gallant sailor used to recount his victories in the war with Spain, his adventurous voyage round the world, his captures of Spanish galleons, and his wonderful exploits which made him a prince of sailors. Here came Dr. Johnson to stay with the Admiral, and was not impressed by the gallant sailor's stories. He hated Whigs, to which party Lord Anson belonged. He loved to hear his own voice, and perhaps could not get a word in when Lord Anson was describing his fights and his victories. Hence his sarcastic epigram:—

Gratum animum laudo. Qui debuit omnia ventis,
Quam bene ventorum surgere templa iubet.

Sir Laurence Dundas, Bart., next acquired the property in 1763. He was commissary-general and contractor to the army in several wars, and amassed a large fortune. He added much to the decoration of the mansion, and

entertained here the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. A Mr. Rous wrought much evil, pulling down the wings and colonnades, with the chapel and offices. He was a sorry vandal, and his memory at Moor Park is not revered. The next owner was Mr. Robert Williams, a man who raised himself by his own exertions from an upholsterer's apprentice to a distinguished position in the East India Company, and became the head of the banking house which is now known as that of Williams, Deacon & Co., and the owner of Moor Park. His son sold the house to Robert, Earl of Grosvenor, afterwards Marquis of Westminster. This is not the place to record the annals of this distinguished house, which has left its mark on many a page of England's history. Here the Marquis entertained right royally King William IV. and his Queen. On the death of the Marchioness of Westminster the property passed to her third son, Lord Robert Grosvenor, who was created Baron Ebury in 1857, a great benefactor, the friend and colleague in many charitable enterprises of the good Lord Shaftesbury. Here Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort came to pay a memorable visit in 1854. On the death of the first Lord Ebury, at the great age of ninety-two years, Moor Park passed into the possession of his eldest son, the present Lord Ebury.

We have recorded briefly the history of the present mansion. We will now visit the site of the old palace, of which the moat and an old brick wall partly surrounding an orchard are the only visible remains. Here we must construct again in imagination the great house which once stood there, and people it with the host of kings, princes, cardinals, prelates, and warriors who once thronged its magnificent hall. This mansion was of brick, the chief buildings forming a square court, which was entered by a gate-house flanked with towers.[1]

[1] This information is derived from a MS. letter by Mr. J. A. Froude in the possession of Lord Ebury, quoting from Singer's edition of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 245.

Originally the property belonged to the Abbey of St. Albans, having been granted by Offa, King of Mercia, in atonement for the murder of Ethelbert, King of East Anglia. Here a cell of the abbey was established, and the tenant was obliged to provide a horse for the abbot whenever he wished to visit Tynemouth, near Newcastle.

The real history of the Park begins with its acquisition by that powerful ecclesiastic, George Nevil, brother of the great Earl of Warwick, styled "the King-maker," Archbishop of York in 1464, and Lord Chancellor of England. He obtained a license from Henry VI. to enclose six hundred acres in the parishes of Rickmansworth and Watford, and built the mansion which was destined to witness some of the great events in English history. Lord Lytton thus describes it:—

> A magnificent Palace of stately architecture, embellished with a façade of double arches, painted and emblazoned in the fashion of old Italian houses. Through corridor and hall, lined with pages and esquires, passed Marmaduke and Marmion until they gained a quaint garden, the wonder and envy of the time, planned by an Italian of Mantua, and perhaps the stateliest of the time in England; straight walls, terraces and fountains, clipped trees, green alleys and smooth bowling-greens abounded; but the flowers were few and common, and if a statue was here and there found, it possessed none of the art so admirable in our early ecclesiastical architecture, but its clumsy proportions were made more uncouth by a profusion of barbaric painting and gilding. The fountains were, however, especially curious, diversified and elaborate; some shot up as pyramids, others coiled in undulating streams, each just chasing the other as serpents, some again branched off in the form of trees, while mimic birds, perched upon the leaden boughs, poured water from their bills.

The Archbishop was a mighty prelate. His mansion was a court of great magnificence, and thither, as to a Medici, fled the men of letters and art. His palace was more Oriental than European in its gorgeousness. By the influence of "the King-maker" and the Chancellor, Edward IV. was at length seated upon the throne, and the monarch often was entertained at "the More." All power in the kingdom seemed to have been absorbed by

the Nevils. The King was actually in their power, and was sent as a prisoner to the castle of Middleham, in Yorkshire, but in a few days he was allowed to escape, accompanied by the Archbishop and the Earl of Oxford. They tarried at "the More," where Edward forbad them to go with him further, and rode to London. In 1470 the Archbishop attempted to entrap the King at his house. Edward was received with loyal protestations, but as he was washing his hands Sir John Ratcliffe contrived to whisper to him that a hundred armed men were ready to seize him and take him prisoner. He determined to attempt flight. With noiseless steps he gained the door, sprang upon his steed, and dashing right through a crowd assembled at the gate, galloped alone and fast, untracked by any human enemy, but goaded by that foe that mounts the rider's steed, over field, over fell, over dyke, through hedge, and in dead of night reined in at last before the royal towers of Windsor.

We need not follow the startling events of the Wars of the Roses, the rapid change of fortune, the death of "the King-maker," "the greatest and last of the barons," on the blood-stained field of Barnet. The owner of "the More," by a time-serving policy, contrived to retain the apparent friendship of the King, who was secretly plotting his ruin. It was accomplished in this wise. Edward invited the prelate to Windsor, and when they were hunting in the forest the guest told his royal host of some extraordinary game which he had at Moor Park. The King expressed his pleasure to see it, and promised to come for a day's sport. The Archbishop returned to his house in high spirits, and prepared a mighty feast, bringing together all the plate which he had hidden during the wars, and borrowing some from his friends. When everything was ready, a royal summons was delivered into his hands, ordering him to repair to Windsor. He was arrested, and sent a prisoner to Calais. The King seized his estate, his plate and

property, and the temporalities of his see. His mitre, which glittered with precious stones, was converted "into a crown, and the jewels that shone at Moor Park were applied to adorn the royal diadem, and perhaps still sparkle there." Their former owner did not long survive his disgrace, and soon was brought home to die. He lies buried in his minster, but no tablet marks the memory of the powerful prelate who, with his brother, once ruled England, but was at heart a craven and unscrupulous time-server. Warkworth, in his chronicles, speaking of his great wealth and short-lived prosperity, concludes: "Such goods as were gathered in sin were lost in sorrow."

The estate remained to the Crown until the reign of Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, the thirteenth Earl of Oxford, to whom he was principally indebted for his throne. De Vere was the hero of Bosworth Field, and led the gallant archers in that memorable fight which sealed the fate of the despicable Richard III. He received abundant reward for his prowess and faithfulness, and amongst the confiscated lands bestowed upon him was Moor Park. He died without issue in 1513, and his property reverted to the Crown. Henry VIII. used it as a royal residence, and gave it to Cardinal Wolsey, who enlarged or rebuilt the mansion, and often lived here in magnificent state. Hither came cardinals, ambassadors, nobles, and princes, and on several occasions King Henry came, and was entertained with royal splendour. In 1529 King Harry and his first Queen stayed a whole month at the More, and though Anne Boleyn was in her train, Cardinal Campeggio failed to detect any wanderings in the affections of his majesty or any jealousy on the part of Queen Catherine.

An event of historical interest occurred at the house, where, in 1523, a Treaty of Alliance between England and the French King, Francis I., was signed, called "the Treaty of the More." The provisions of the treaty we need not concern ourselves with, save to notice that the

Drawing Room, Moor Park.

astute Cardinal secured for himself a good round sum for the arrears of pension due to him for resigning the bishopric of Tournay, and a hundred thousand crowns of gold "for great and reasonable services."

Never before had Moor Park seen such magnificence. The Cardinal's chambers were garnished with the finest tapestry. His couch and table-cloth were covered with gold, and he dined amidst the subtle perfumes of musk and sweet amber. His dishes were silver, full of the daintiest viands, and he drank his wine always from silver and gold vessels. But his days were numbered, and his disgrace nigh. The charms of Anne Boleyn had made an impression on the capricious king. The divorce was sought and much delayed. Campeggio comes to "the More," and long and deep are the confabulations of the two cardinals over the matter. They hasten together to the court at Grafton. Wolsey is denied a lodging in the court. The Cardinals return to Moor Park, sad and sorrowful. Campeggio hastens away to London. No sooner has he gone than hurried messengers arrive at the Moor in search of some of Henry's love letters to Anne Boleyn, which that lady had missed from her boudoir. They ride after him, and do not overtake the Nuncio until he arrives at Calais, where they search his baggage; but the letters are not found. They are on their way to Rome, and remain until this day amongst the archives of the Vatican.

Alarmed, anxious, and depressed, Wolsey passed his days at the More, dreading the outbreak of the hostility of the King. You can see the chair at the mansion wherein he sat and dreamed of his approaching fate, and the saddle on which he rode, and the old cardinal's oak under which he sat brooding over his troubles. He left his lovely home for London, never to return, and ere long his ambitious heart found rest within the cloister shade of Leicester Abbey. You can see in the British Museum a long inventory of the Cardinal's goods—his carpets and

hangings, his beds and hats and vestments—which, together with the property, fell into the King's hands.

The poor abandoned Queen Catherine stayed a night at Moor Park on her way to exile from the Court, and to the grave that soon awaited her at Peterborough. Then came the rule of the Bedfords, John Russell, the first Earl, being appointed Ranger. The State Papers contain some letters from the Earl to his friend, Thomas Cromwell. One of them, dated May 1st, 1535, mentions that the park palings at "the More" are in decay, that the deer are escaping, and immediate repair much needed. He reports that he has felled two hundred oaks, but he requires money and special directions what to do.[1] He continues:—

SIR,—The garden goeth to great ruin. By my Lord Cardinal's days it cost him forty or fifty Pounds or a hundred marks[2] for the keeping thereof, and since it hath been in the King's hands, it hath cost his Highness forty or fifty marks a year, as Mr. Hennage can show you, and now it is utterly destroyed, and all the knots marred. Wherefore if it be not looked on betimes it will be past recovery. Sir, if the King will give 8 Pence a day, I will see that it shall be well kept, that his Highness shall be well contented, though it cost 6 Pence a day on my own purse. And also for the keeping of the fish there, it hath been chargeable unto me hitherto; whereupon if there be not a trusty fellow to have the keeping of the garden that shall have the oversight thereof there will be much displeasure done, and but little fish left, for I had never so much ado to keep it as I have now. Sir, I put you always to pain, but you may command me as your own. Whereupon I heartily desire you as you will do me pleasure that you would solicit the King's Highness as well for the paling of the Park as for the garden and the keeping of the fish,—for an his Highness should come thither and see it so far in ruin as it is, his Highness would lay it to my charge and think the fault were in me, which were greatly to my rebuke and shame as knoweth our Lord who keep you.

At Charley Wood, the first day of May

Your assuredly to my power

J. RUSSELL.

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1 State Paper Office, Miscellaneous Correspondence, Second Series, vol. 36, *temp.* Henry VIII.

2 A sum equal to £700 at the present time.

It is hoped that the good ranger obtained his money and a good "trusty fellow" for the garden; otherwise, when Henry and his fifth Queen, Catherine Howard, came five years later, he would certainly not have escaped the anger of the passionate King. The royal pair stayed three weeks, and seem to have courted seclusion rather than the usual courtly pleasures. The second Earl had to fly for his life from the burning questions of Queen Mary's reign, but after her death returned to enjoy his own again, both as owner of his ancestral home at Chenies and as ranger of Moor Park, which was subsequently granted to him by the Queen, at the request of Sir William Cecil, on the payment of an annual rent of £120.

The third Earl who ruled at Moor Park was the grandson of the second Earl of Bedford. His sprightly Countess was a favourite of the Court, where she bloomed as "the crowning rose in a garland of beauty." James I. granted to him the estate absolutely. The Countess constructed the famous gardens celebrated by Sir William Temple, of which no trace remains. She was immensely extravagant, and was forced to sell the place to William, Earl of Pembroke, in 1626. He was succeeded by his brother, Sir Philip, in 1630, who deserted King Charles, and joined the rebels. A year later he sold the property to Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth. The Duke of Ormond, a faithful supporter of the royal cause, purchased it in 1663, whose eldest son took his title from the estate, and was styled "Lord Butler of Moor Park." In 1670 it was sold to the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, who, as I have already stated, pulled down the old house, which had so many noble and illustrious owners, and had witnessed so many scenes of splendour and magnificence. The old house is gone, but its glories remain imprinted on many a page of English history. Its lineal descendant lives on, a palace worthy of its distinguished ancestry, owned by a family as illustrious as any of those which have preceded it. The Grosvenors have deserved well

of their country, fought its battles, and contributed to its prosperity. May the tenure of the scions of that noble family whose lot it is to dwell in one of the fairest of Hertfordshire manors continue far longer than that of many of their predecessors, whose varied fortunes and vicissitudes I have attempted to trace.[1]

[1] I am indebted to Lady Ebury for the loan of many valuable papers which have been most useful in the preparation of this sketch of the history of Moor Park. Amongst them are some interesting letters by Mr. J. A. Froude and Lord Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Henry Mitchell's paper on "The History of the More," and Mr. R. Baynes' "Moor Park." I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to these writers for much important information.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, BISHOP'S STORTFORD

By the Rev. H. T. Lane

CUSSANS says that "there are few churches in Hertfordshire which for beauty and justness of proportion are superior to Bishop's Stortford." The precise date of the building is not known. Richard III. reigned from 1483 to 1485, but as the churchwardens' accounts begin in 1482, it would seem that the church must have been built before that year.

Cussans makes the astonishing statement that it was built in the early part of the fourteenth century. He surely means the fifteenth. This mistake was continued, probably on his authority, into a well-known series of guides, in which I suggested the emendation of fifteenth for fourteenth; but I do not know if my suggestion was adopted.

There was, of course, an earlier church, but we know nothing about it. The Norman font must have been the font of the original church. It seems probable that there was a church here from the time of the Norman Conquest. A resident priest is mentioned in Domesday Book, and the list of vicars goes back to A.D. 1332. The value of the vicarage is mentioned in 1291 as £13 6*s.* 8*d.*, with temporalities, valued at 15*s.* 8*d.* and 2*s.*, due from the priories of Tremhall and Latton respectively; and at the dissolution of religious houses in 1534 it was valued in the King's Book at £12. The present value is about £300.

There was a chantry of St. John Baptist founded and endowed in the second year of the reign of Richard III. by Baldwin Victor, who was buried in the church. Mr. J. L. Glasscock has furnished me with an extract from chantry certificates in the time of Edward VI., which speaks of the chantry as having been founded by Baldwin Victor, and mentions it as being within the parish church of Bishop's Stortford, "whereof Thomas Symson is incumbent, a man of honest behaviour and indifferently learned, and of the age of xxxiii years." This chantry, according to Cussans, was, of course, swept away fifty years later. "Queen Mary upon her accession granted an annuity of £6 to Thomas Simpson, late incumbent of the chantry."

The founding of the chantry within the church in 1484 shows that the church was built, at all events, before that date. About 1700, Sir Henry Chauncy speaks of the edifice as very ancient, "for there are yet visible on the west window on west side of the belfry the names and pictures of King Athelstan, St. Edward, King Edward, and no other later kings in that or any other window." He goes on to describe the fragments of stained glass existing in the other windows, from which it appears that formerly every window but one in the church was filled with stained glass. Mr. Clark's report, in 1868, speaks of the building as having "suffered from modern effacement and additions, but it is capable of perfect restoration and of being made one of the finest structures in this part of the country." Cussans quotes Chauncy to the effect that nearly all the windows were filled with stained glass, representing saints, scenes from Bible history, and arms and memorials of private individuals connected with the parish. These have all long since disappeared: probably destroyed in 1709, when the Grammar School was erected and the chancel restored and beautified.

Formerly, and indeed down to the last century, this church possessed much of its former beauty. A great part of the glass escaped the fury of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The roofs were open and no

galleries existed. There is a living record of the quality and beauty of the painted glass which existed, and it has been described as like to King's College Chapel, Cambridge. And truly it must have been a noble sight, as the windows appear to have been full of Kings, Priests, Saints and Martyrs. The three shrines, that of St. Michael, with its tabernacle work, on which much cost was bestowed, of St. Mary, and St. John the Baptist, were of course destroyed and despoiled with the rest of the ornaments in the time of Elizabeth and the Commonwealth, with all the brasses, tombs, wall paintings, and other objects of interest.—(Mr. Clark's report.)

From the beginning of the eighteenth century there were constant repairs and alterations. In 1727 an organ loft was erected in the west end, and was removed in 1869. The mitre from the organ is now upon the bishop's seat in the sanctuary. Subsequently (there is a little discrepancy in dates here: Mr. Clark writes as if it was in the eighteenth century; Mr. Glasscock puts it in the early part of the nineteenth) the church was filled with high square pews and galleries, the piers and stonework being cut away for the same.

In 1812 an Act of Parliament was obtained for repairing. The Act states that the church tower and spire are in such a ruinous condition that it has become dangerous for the inhabitants to attend divine service. It appoints trustees and gives them power to raise money. The ideas of church restoration in those days were peculiar, and looking back we can accuse the repairers of having wasted much of the money in work for the undoing of which money had to be spent afterwards. The spire, portions of tower, and gargoyles were taken down. The tower was made higher, and the present spire erected. The roof was repaired and re-covered, and the whole of the fabric from top to bottom was covered with cement. The floor was re-boarded, galleries and high pews were erected, all the oak beams of the roof were ceiled over, etc. It is wonderful how much mischief can be done by the perverted ingenuity of men dealing with a subject which they do not understand. (There are

pictures showing the difference within and without between what was and what is.)

In 1845 the chancel arch was re-opened and the roof of the chancel uncovered. In 1869 there was a careful restoration under Mr. Clark, which was an undoing, as far as possible, of the mischief accomplished during the early years of the century. In the following year the chancel aisle was built, and the south vestry, instead of one previously existing at the north side. In 1885, further work was done under the direction of Sir A. Blomfield: the walls of the chancel were raised eight feet, the clerestory windows were inserted in the chancel walls; the chancel arch existing at the time was removed, and the present arch, which is 4 ft. 6 in. higher, was substituted; the organ chamber was built (the organ, by Kirkland, was added three years later); an oak canopy was put upon the screen, whose rood loft had been taken down in 1560; an oak altar, designed by Sir A. Blomfield and made by Kett, was placed upon the ancient altar stone, which had been put in its present position in 1869; the east window was removed and put in the south chancel wall, and replaced by the existing east window. The mosaics in the reredos, representing the Transfiguration, were added at the same time.

It is worth noting that although Chauncy mentions an east window, there was none visible in 1850. The east wall was at that date covered with boarding, upon the removal of which the remains of an old oak window were discovered. In 1853 the window referred to already as having been removed in 1885 was inserted. The present east wall is five or six feet east of the original east wall. The extension was discovered at the time of the restoration of the old north vestry some years ago. It has been supposed that this extension was made at the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century.

During the removal of the chancel arch in 1885 a stone was found which was formerly part of a window;

the date of this stone has been conjectured to be about A.D. 1280.

The south porch has a niche for a holy water stoup, and a stone carved in the shape of a horse hoof, of which no quite satisfactory explanation has been given. The north porch is said to have had a holy water stoup also, but there is no trace. The north porch has a fine doorway and old oak door; the spandrels outside are filled with representations of archangels, and the ends of the mouldings have the emblems of the four Evangelists.

The west window was erected in 1877 as a memorial to the Rev. F. W. Rhodes and his wife. Mr. Rhodes was vicar from 1849 to 1876. He was father of the late Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, of African fame. The window contains the figures of St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Athanasius, and St. Archelaus.

In 1699 a faculty was granted for the erection of a pew to be annexed to a house in Water Lane. Cussans says that the faculty "recites that Eleazar Bounds, who was then owner of considerable estate, with a dwelling or mansion house at Stortford, had not a convenient seat or pew in the parish church for himself and family to sit, stand, or kneel in, and for the due worship of God during the time of divine service and sermon there. The churchwardens and inhabitants were thereupon cited to appear, who, failing to show any cause to the contrary, the Commissary granted E. B. permission to build a pew, the exact position and dimensions of which are given, which should be appropriated to the aforesaid dwelling-house for ever." This pew was replaced by two open seats at the time of the re-seating of the church; and these seats having come into the possession of Mr. John Slack Taylor shortly before his death, were by him made free, as I am thankful to say most of the seats in the church are now.

HATFIELD, AND OTHER GREAT HOUSES

By the Editor

The great Diana chaste,
In forest late I met,
Did me command in haste,
To Hatfield far to get.
And to you six a-row,
Her pleasure to declare;
Thus meaning to bestow
On each a gift most rare.
—*Sir J. Harrington to Queen Elizabeth.*

I do not know how it is, but every year that I visit these scenes I have more need of their solace . . . . It would be strange indeed if this noble remnant of past times had not, in the progressive ages and amid the varying fortunes of its owners, gradually surrounded itself with traditions. One of the strangest of these was that of *Jenny Spinner or the Hertfordshire Ghost*, which is the title of a very interesting little book published at the beginning of the present century, and which tells the story of the nightly visits of the ghostly housewife that haunted the old mansion of Knebworth, and thrilled the hearts of the sleepless, o'nights, with the sound of her spinning wheel.—*Bulwer Lytton on Knebworth.*

THE history of the Cecil family is in great part the history of Hatfield House—that stately mansion on the banks of the Lea which was acquired from King James I. in 1607 by the first Earl of Salisbury in exchange for Theobalds. But prior to this Hatfield had a history, and, as we shall see, an interesting one, too; for I am about to plead guilty to the charge of having purposely refrained from including

Hatfield in the section to which I give the general title of "Queen Elizabeth and Hertfordshire." I adopted this course because it seemed to me that the circumstances of the "good Queen's" connection with Hatfield Palace as a place of residence or a *prison* were sufficiently entertaining and instructive to merit separate treatment.

In Domesday Book, Hatfield is described as Hetfelle ("high field"), though some of our most erudite authorities contend that the name is derived from Heathfield, "the cleared heath." In quite early Saxon times, Hatfield was occupied by the Abbots of Ely, to whom it was granted by King Edgar. We read of the Abbot having "pannage" for two thousand hogs; and the Hatfield church of to-day (restored by the late Marquis of Salisbury) goes back to that period a full thousand years ago. In the reign of Henry I., that priest-ridden monarch allowed himself to be persuaded to promote Ely to the dignity of a bishopric, and the excellent Abbot signalised his accession by dividing (very unequally) the fair lands of Hatfield between himself and his friars. Successive Bishops of Ely continued to make Hatfield Palace their headquarters, and we know of one, at least (Hugh Balsham, A.D. 1269), who allowed himself to be consecrated to the high office without the consent of King Henry III. first had and obtained. This slight to royalty, real or accidental, was not permitted to pass unrequited, as the Earl of Pembroke, determined to reward this "pestilent priest" in his own coin, broke into the park, "hunted the deer, and refreshed himself and his companions rather well than wisely on the contents of the episcopal cellar." In the time of John Morton, Bishop of Ely, however, this prelate rebuilt and refurbished Hatfield Palace, which became for the nonce "Morton's Palace," and of which the archway, banqueting hall, etc., remain to this day. Bishop Morton attained well-deserved favour with Edward IV., who elevated him to the dual positions of Archbishop of Canterbury and

Chancellor of England, and singled him out for honours, public and personal, such as had probably fallen to no churchman's lot since Becket.

On June 17th, 1517, the mother of Lady Jane Grey was born within Hatfield Palace. The residence was already, it will be observed, merging much of its episcopal character, and twenty years later Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, was "invited" to "exchange" it with Henry VIII. for "certain other lands." We do not doubt that His Majesty reaped much the best of the bargain. Hatfield now became closely associated with the children of Henry VIII. —Elizabeth and Mary and Edward, the former of whom was first brought here at three months old. It may easily be imagined that the princess, as she grew up, proved a decided tax upon the patience, as upon the inventive genius, of her governor, Sir Thomas Pope. One has to say "governor" advisedly, seeing that so long as her sister was Queen, Elizabeth's residence at Hatfield was no more than a gilded imprisonment. However, Sir Thomas did his level best, alternately soothing and entertaining his wayward charge, whose detention here appears to have been marked by one long succession of masques, revels, and the like, contrived for her especial delectation.

At last came the end of Mary, which was correspondingly the beginning of Elizabeth. Seated under the "Hatfield oak" in the great park, the young queen received in queenly fashion the news of her accession. In crossing from the park to the palace, there to digest the momentous tidings and prepare for departure, Elizabeth dropped her hat, and tarried not to have it restored to her. To-day, that self-same headgear is one of the most treasured possessions of the Cecil family. So also is that self-same oak, which we see surrounded by a stout paling, against the pryings of up-to-date Philistinism. About fifty years ago, Queen Victoria visited Hatfield, and carried away with her an acorn

from Queen Bess's Oak to plant at Windsor. The hoary tree has never shed an acorn since.

The Cecils now come upon the scene. It would be difficult to exaggerate or belittle Elizabeth's regard and esteem for the man whom she made her Lord High Treasurer, and whom she so frequently visited in Hertfordshire. It was reserved for Burghley's son (who, as stated before, having inherited Theobalds from his father, exchanged it for Hatfield) to make the most sweeping alterations and additions to the place, though he did not live to enjoy it. In four years Cecil laid out no less than £7,631 11*s.* 3*d.* in re-building, re-stocking, and beautifying—a really vast sum for the beginning of the seventeenth century. The roof was made of lead, Caen stone to the value of £500 was procured from France, and twenty thousand vines were likewise brought across the Channel to stock the vinery. *À propos* of this last, Pepys, the celebrated diarist, who was here in 1661, tells how he "walked all down to the vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again." James I. stood godfather to Cecil's heir, but the child did not live to grow up to manhood; and Cecil's successor in 1612 was his second son, William, of whom we have little record, authentic or otherwise. Perhaps this is partially because the Cecil family have not cared to advertise the fact that one of their house—a house built up by Tudor and Stuart—espoused the cause of the people in the great Civil War! Yet such is the melancholy truth. Nor was the third Earl of Salisbury particularly gracious to royalty and its demands; for did not the Duke (afterwards James II.) and Duchess of York proffer payment for the scanty refreshment which they received at Hatfield in 1679, and was not such payment accepted? "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." It is good to know, however, that George III. received a right royal reception when, on the scare of a French invasion in 1800, he arrived at Hatfield to review the yeomanry and fencibles of Hertfordshire, and, by way of appropriate accompaniment, to be banquetted.

Wild horses should not induce the present chronicler to quit this noble theme without at least a passing reference to the graceful poem in which Tennyson tells the perfectly authentic story of the romantic courtship of the great-grandfather of the late Marquis of Salisbury. The young "lord of Burghley" lost himself near the Shropshire village of Bolas Magna, where he found shelter 'neath the roof of a Thomas Hoggins, and fell irrevocably in love with his host's beautiful daughter, Sarah. They married, and as "Mr. Jones" the heir of the Cecils lived on in the village for two years, at the end of which time his father died, and the deception was brought to light. But, alas! the new-made Countess could not live under the weight of an honour "unto which she was not born," and she slowly but surely drooped.

Three fair children first she bore him
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burghley
(Burghley-house by Stamford town),
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said:
"Bring the dress and put it on her
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

A very beautiful story this, and one possessing the added charm of truth.

Sorrow came to Hatfield in the November of 1835, when a fire destroyed the west wing and the venerable Dowager Marchioness perished. James, second Marquis of Salisbury, died in 1868, to be succeeded by the late Marquis, whose noble career as a great statesman will occupy a prominent place in the history of our national annals. He was succeeded by the present Marquis in 1902.

KNEBWORTH.

And why seek to describe the manifold glories of Hatfield House and Park? Many pens have done so, and doubtless most of those who read these words will be fully conversant, by personal acquaintance, with their Hatfield. Here may be seen the simple couch on which Oliver Cromwell reclined; the elaborate bed that received the unwieldy body of James I.; the saddle, hat, stockings, and cradle of Queen Elizabeth; a couple of Wolsey's letters, "written with the Cardinalle's own hand after his fall"; the fine marble effigy of the first Earl, erected by his own instructions. The Great Hall may be missed by no visitor, either for its own sake or the rich memories which it holds. The manuscripts extend from Edward I. to the Georges, and their importance, like their intrinsic value, is enormous. The pictures, too—by Vandyck, Velasquez, Zucchero, Reynolds, Butler, and others—are a veritable dream of bygone England as of bygone Hatfield. The Salisbury chapel dates from 1618, and is of rare antiquity; while, quitting the house, your feet must instinctively stray towards the red ruins of Bishop Morton's palace on the one hand, and the grey pile of the village church on the other. The park is redolent with memories of the time when good Roger Ascham patiently instructed his royal charges, and of the time when one king of England after another came a-hunting the red deer at Hatfield.

Of the half-dozen residences of Hertfordshire that may justly be styled "great," KNEBWORTH, the home of the Lyttons, fittingly comes after Hatfield in point of historical and, therefore, of public interest. Situate on a most remarkable elevation (for so "flat" a shire as Hertfordshire), it is two miles south of Stevenage, and about thirty from London. Though we know it as a formidable fortress in Norman times, we hear little more concerning Knebworth until Edward I.'s reign. Granted to the fifth son of that warlike ruler, Thomas de Brotherton, it passed successively to Sir Walter Manny, K.G.—whose wife was

de Brotherton's daughter and heiress—to his widow (created Duchess of Norfolk), to her daughter Anne, to Sir John Hotoft (Henry VI.'s Treasurer), Sir Thomas Bourchier, and Sir Robert de Lytton of Lytton in the Peak. The rule of the Lyttons once begun, they spared no pains or expense in extending and improving their possession, and it was finally completed, in the Tudor style, by Sir Rowland de Lytton, Lieutenant of Herts and Essex, whose guest Elizabeth so often was. Like his neighbour of Hatfield—truly, Hertfordshire's "loyalty" contrasted feebly with the defence of Berkhamsted and Hertford castles in John's time!—the Sir William Lytton of Charles Stuart's period embraced the Parliament's cause, and met John Hampden, John Pym, and Eliot in conference in the oak drawing-room at Knebworth. The visitor is, in fact, shown the room where the patriot Hampden slept; it is known as "the Hampden chamber." Until late in the reign of George III., Knebworth maintained a kind of nondescript appearance, semi-fortress or castle, semi-residence. But in 1811, Mrs. Bulwer commenced a thorough restoration, pulling down a vast deal of the old, but restoring the battlemented wing originally built by Sir Robert de Lytton. And so, in the fulness of time, the great Bulwer came into possession, and he, by the will of his mother in 1843, adopted the surname "Lytton" definitely by sign-manual. Bulwer Lytton, uniting in himself the characters of dramatist and poet, statesman and romancist, sought and found much of his matchless inspiration in and around his splendid ancestral home. Elsewhere we have paid his *Last of the Barons* the highest compliment that words can pay; it was by no means his solitary contribution to the history of Hertfordshire. "All so solitary and yet so eloquent!" he writes in Knebworth Park. "Now the fern waves on the slope, and the deer comes forth, marching with his stately step to the water-side to pause and drink. O nymphs! O fairies! O poetry! I am yours again."

"Knebworth Church of St. Mary" (we again quote Lord Lytton for a moment) "is worn and grey, in the simplest architecture of ecclesiastical Gothic, and standing on the brow of the hill its single tower, at a distance, blends with the turrets of the house, so that the two seem one pile."

What, then, that is new can we find to say of PANSHANGER, the lordly seat of the Cowper family, poets and statesmen? "The Cowpers, perhaps, suffered more from the deadly malice of political opponents than any other family of this period," the period referred to being the early Georgian. The family is of illustrious descent, dating back to Edward IV. Almost from the beginning it won "fields of fair renown" in the world of politics, and its first eighteenth century representative, Sir William Cowper, was so distinguished as to be appointed successively Lord Keeper of the Great Seal (1705), Baron Cowper of Wingham (1706), Lord High Chancellor (1707), Lord High Steward (1716), and created Viscount Fordwick and Earl Cowper (1717). Was ever distinction so rapid or reward so swift? We should have mentioned that the first Baronet was so created by Charles I., to whose cause he adhered so faithfully in good report as in evil that the Parliamentarians clapped him in prison, along with his son and heir, the latter unhappily dying ere released. The poet Cowper was son of Sir William Cowper, M.P. for Hertford, and brother to the Spencer Cowper who achieved so unwelcome a notoriety by reason of his alleged complicity in the suspicious death of Miss Stout, a member of an eminent Quaker family. The unhappy girl was seriously enamoured of Mr. Spencer Cowper, who at the time was a married man, and who did his utmost to evade her attentions. At the trial he easily proved an *alibi;* but, nevertheless, the Stout family pursued him with much acerbity, and an endeavour was made to render the feud a political one. The situation must have come back vividly to Spencer

Cowper's mind when, in after years, he was raised to the judicial bench, and had the task of trying men who stood where he himself had once stood. His record of humanity in administering the law is, if honourable to his memory, at least equally understandable.

The family home of the Cowpers only became so some thirty years ago, Colne Green, a neighbouring estate of theirs having hitherto served their needs. The picture gallery is its principal adornment, including more than one Raphael; while of another painting—Fra Bartolommeo's "Infant Christ"—the discriminating Waagen has said: "This is the most beautiful picture that I am acquainted with by this friend of Raphael." If Hatfield Park boasts a great oak tree, so, too, does Panshanger Park. This hoary habitant of the "forest primeval" was christened the Great Oak in 1709. At the distance of five feet from the ground it has a girth of seventeen feet.

Watford, the manor of which once pertained to St. Albans monastery, is the largest and most important commercial town of Hertfordshire. It can claim two great historic houses in CASSIOBURY, the home of the Earls of Essex, and THE GROVE, belonging to the Earls of Clarendon. Of these two, the first-named is slightly the more interesting, both by reason of its pretensions to antiquity and the magnificence of its surroundings. In Domesday Book we find the bald, but none the less valuable entry, that "the Abbot of St. Albans holds Caisson," though it is claimed for Cassiobury that long ere this it was the native retreat of the British chieftain Cassibelanus, leader of the Cassii. This may or may not be the derivation of the name; but certain it is that the Abbots of St. Albans continued to enjoy the lands and revenues thereof until the dissolution of the monasteries. Sir Richard Morison—knighted and otherwise rewarded for his diplomatic services abroad—then received it from Henry VIII., and this Sir Richard began the building

CASSIOBURY.

of the present Cassiobury, only to be interrupted by the religious persecutions of Tudor times, so that he fled abroad, and there died, leaving his building labours half finished, to be carried to completion by his son. The Capel family came into possession about the middle of the seventeenth century, owing to the marriage of Sir Arthur Capel with Elizabeth, the great-granddaughter of Sir Richard Morison. The Capels now come upon the scene. Their genealogical tree stretches back to the thirteenth century, when history (A.D. 1260) speaks of one Sir Richard Capel as discharging the duties of Lord Justice of Ireland. Coming down to Tudor times—those troublous days bulk largely in Hertfordshire's history indeed—the Sir John Capel of that period was twice Lord Mayor of London, and was otherwise distinguished in the busy hive of the great capital, whence we get the name "Capel Court." But of all the great ones of this line, the gallant, ill-fated Sir Arthur Capel of Stuart times was greatest. For his devoted adherence to the falling fortunes of King Charles he was created Baron Capel of Hadham, but his estates were estreated by the revolted Parliament in 1646. Returning to England, he was permitted to retire to Hadham; but his loyal spirit could not rest while his King's fortunes were waning, and it was he who, in conjunction with Lord Norwich and Sir Charles Lucas, raised four thousand troops, and held Colchester against the Roundheads. As students of Stuart times are aware, the unscrupulous Fairfax shot Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas literally "at sight" on getting possession of Colchester Castle, the siege of which, to all intents the closing incident of that bloody civil strife, lives a glowing page in England's annals. Lord Capel escaped from the Tower, only, however, to be re-taken, and, after cruel delay had dragged on cruel delay (during which Lady Capel petitioned Parliament in his behalf), beheaded. We must think, however, that this devoted servant of the

King, having nothing to reproach himself with, died far happier than would have been the case had he not assisted in that last splendid effort—the defence of Colchester—which really signed his death-warrant. It has been well said of Lord Capel that in every relation of his earthly existence he lived up to the coat-of-arms of his family.

> Thus lion-like, Capel undaunted stood
> Beset with *crosses in a Field of Blood.*

It was while incarcerated in the Tower that the philosophic Capel composed the following lines:—

> That which the world miscalls a jail
> A private closet is to me;
> Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
> And innocence my liberty,
> Locks, bars, and solitude together met
> Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

Singularly enough, this fine character's son and successor was destined to a similar fate by reason of his complicity in what is known as the Rye-house Plot; but this subject demands separate treatment from another pen. Suffice it to add here that this latter unfortunate nobleman was the second Baron Capel and the first Earl of Essex, being so created in the year following the Restoration. Cassiobury, the house and the park, as we see them now, are exceedingly beautiful and sumptuous. It is true that the present mansion only dates from 1800, in which year it was re-erected by the fifth Earl. The park is noted, firstly, for its area of seven hundred acres, and, secondly, for its wealth of magnificent beech and fir trees.

THE GROVE is picturesquely situated on the river Gade. The Earl of Clarendon's collection of art treasures is so noteworthy that he has been offered from £15,000 to £20,000 for a single Vandyck. The family name is taken from a park near Salisbury, where, in 1164,

THE GROVE, WATFORD.

Henry II. convened the great gathering of notables known in history as the Constitution of Clarendon, and at which were sown the seeds of that fatal dispute between the monarch and his favourite, à Becket, which was only destined to terminate with the latter's foul murder. Anciently, The Grove belonged to the Heydon family, of whom the demise of one John is recorded in 1408. Passing away from this family, the estate "experienced" various owners until 1753, when Lord Donneraile sold it to the Hon. Thomas Villiers, younger son of the Earl of Jersey. From the first this family were born diplomatists and politicians. George II. created Mr. Villiers Baron Hyde of Hindon in 1756, George III. promoting him to the dignity of "Earl of Clarendon," by patent, twenty-one years later. Upon this nobleman the King of Prussia subsequently conferred the distinction of permitting him and his issue to bear the eagle of Prussia as a mantle to their arms. It was this first Earl of Clarendon who cemented an alliance with the Capel family by wedding Charlotte, a daughter of Lord Essex. The honours, diplomatic and otherwise, showered upon subsequent Earls of Clarendon are too widely known to call for recapitulation here.

The Manor of ASTON—which, after a long and chequered history, passed into the possession of Mr. D. J. Hoste O'Brien, of Eastwick, in the eighteenth century—is contiguous to the little town of Stevenage, and is set in one of the most picturesque corners of the county. Hard by are situated the celebrated Six Hills, which to this day are severally denominated Roman, Saxon, and Danish —a fact that has always been in dispute. As illustrating the antiquity of the place, it is related in Domesday Book that—

> The Bishop [Bayeux] holds *Estone*. It answered for ten *hides*. Four hides are in the demesne, and there are four ploughs there and a fifth may be made. There are six cottagers and four bondmen. Meadow for two ploughs; pasture for the cattle; pannage for 200 hogs. Its whole

value is 18 pounds: when received, 14 pounds; in the time of King Edward, 20 pounds. Three vassals of Archbishop Sigurd held this manor and might sell it."

After this, however, events moved swiftly with the already ancient manor. William the Conqueror promptly confiscated it; Henry I. presented it to his second wife, Adela; and she gave it to the Benedictine monks of the abbey of Reading, who were successful in holding it down to the dissolution of the monasteries, when Henry VIII. made it over to Sir Philip Boteler. The Boteler family possessed it until they sold it to Sir Thomas Rumbold in 1778.

There have been Rectors of Aston since A.D. 1296, and the interesting church used to have a stained-glass window dated 1414.

As for the Manor House of Aston Bury itself, this dates from the sixteenth century. It is long and narrow in shape, with particularly fine chimneys and renaissance staircases. At the top of the house is a room of enormous size, a hundred and thirteen feet in length, supposed at one time to have done duty as a ball-room. There is a drawing of Aston Bury in the British Museum dated 1805. The view from the mansion is one of the very finest in all Hertfordshire.

THE RYE HOUSE AND ITS PLOT

By R. T. Andrews

NOT much is known of the Manor and Castle of Rye before the time of 33 Henry VI., and diligent research has only given us a little more than that which is a matter of everyday history; but there is some additional information which may prove interesting and useful. We learn from the Calend. Inquis. Post Mortem, 33 Henry VI., No. 25, that

> Andreas Ogard, Miles, held Le Rye Maner, Thele Maner, et Advoc. Eccli. Colleqiat; Newgates Maner, Heyleigh Maner, and Thele Amwell, Hoddesdon, Ware, Widdeford, Onesdon, Estwike et Stansted Abbotts [*i.e.*, free warren], and that in the whole there were 10 messuag, 8 tofts, 100 acres peat, 200 acres past., 200 acres bosc, et 40 credd. Affisibm.

The Calendar also states that he owned Bockenham Castle and Bockenham (Nova Maner) in Norfolk. He had a wife named Alice and a son, Henry, who was only four years old on the death of his father on October 13th, 1454. From *The Antiquary* we find that Sir Andrew Ogard was Baron of Deville Pays de Court, Normandy, also Baron Beaufort, Lord of the Castle of Ouvilliers in Anjou, and of Merveille, near St. Savory de Yffe, near Tewke, having an income from the dues of his castles of fully £1,000 a year.

Also from Secunda Patent ac Anno 11 Regis Henrici Sexti M. 13 we learn "Dacus factus est indigena," *i.e.*, that he was a Dane not exactly naturalised, but denizised; and in this it would be very interesting to know if there

could have been any possible connection between him and the Danes who sailed past this island manor fully five hundred years before. It is believed that he was the successor of the William de Albini in title, who was the founder of the Priory of Wymondham, in Norfolk. Ogard had a quarrel with the Abbot of St. Albans about that priory, and was the means of Wymondham becoming a separate abbacy. For in the "Annales of Monasterii de S. Albini," compiled by Johanne Amundisham, Monacho about A.D. 1421-1440, occurs this passage:—

Litera Missa Domini Johanni Stoke Abbati Hujus Monasterii, per Magistram Stefanum London suum obedientiariarum causa exemptionis Cellae de Wymondham.

A footnote to the same says:—

The occasion of this singular letter may be gathered from the account given in Dugdale's *Monasticon*.—Ed. Ellis III. p. 326.

Weaver says:—

John Stoke the 7th of that Christian name, Abbot of St. Albans, could not endure a certain monk of the church whose name was Stephen London, because he would tell him of his faults; therefore to be rid of his company (his admonishments being distasteful) he persuaded the Archdeacon to take upon him the charge of the Priory of Wymondham, then void of a Prior. The Archdeacon accepted of it, and was admitted a Prior by the Bishop of Norwich in 1446; and being a worthy man, pleased both his flock and Sir Andrew Ogard, Knt., his founder, very well; which more displeased the Abbot, who within a year sent express command to discharge him of his Priorship. This was but ill-taken by himself and his patron, insomuch that in 1447 the Prior and Sir Andrew petitioned the King that they might have his licence to obtain a bull from the Pope to erect Wymondham into an abbey, and set forth that the founder, William de Albini, had reserved liberty in the foundation deed for the King and the Patron to do so at any time. They complained also that the Abbots of St. Albans had presented monks of St. Albans to the Priorship contrary to the founder's intentions, which had tied the office to the election of monks of Wymondham out of their own number. The King licensed Sir Andrew Ogard to procure a bull from the Pope, which he did from Nicholas V. in 1448, when Wymondham was converted into an independent Abbey; Stephen London, the then Prior, was made the first Abbot.

By the Calendar of Patent Rolls of 1461, M. 14, we find there was made, on June 22nd, a

Grant to Lawrenee, Bishop of Durham, of the custody of Henry Ogard, "the son and heir of Andrew Ogard," during the minority of the said Henry, and his possessions (his father being dead), with his marriage; and rendering a sum to be agreed upon before Christmas with the treasurer.

This, according to M. 22, February 4th, 1462, was altered and explained—

All his possessions and lands within the realm, with the marriage of the heir, without rendering anything to the King, in lieu of a similar grant by letters patent, dated 22nd June, surrendered.

From the same calendar we learn that Ogard held the Norfolk lands in chief by the service of being butler to the King at his coronation; but by a deed of M. 6, January 25th, 1463, there is shown a

Grant to George, Duke of Clarence, and his heirs, from Michaelmas last past of several manors; *inter alia*, the manors and lordships of the Rye, Co. Hertford, late of Henry Ogerd, son and heir of Andrew Ogerd, Knt.

So that this manor must have been held in fee simple of the Crown unto heirs male only, as the widow of Andrew does not seem to have possessed it, and it also appears that the son had either died before 1463, or, being a minor (then only about thirteen years of age), the Crown held his estates as trustee. This is the more probable, as there is a will of Sir Henry Ogard at Somerset House, together with his father Andrew's will of 1454, and another of an Andrew in 1526. We have before noted that Andrew Ogard obtained a license from King Henry VI. to impark his manor of Rye, and to build a castle thereon. We will, therefore, go on to speak of its boundaries, which included a hundred and fifty-six acres of land and free warren, etc. He (Andrew Ogard) was to build the castle on his manor of Rye, also called the Isle of Rye; but the space of ground at present

occupied by the castle gateway and its adjuncts is only three acres three roods thirty-nine poles, all contained within the area of the moat. This we may call the first island, and was most likely the one known by the name of the Isle of Rye (proper), but that designation had no reference to any particular space of ground, for on looking to a sale plan of the year 1867 we find the west border to be the River Lea, and the east border to be the first ditch which runs almost parallel to it on the east side, and which encloses another space which may be called the second Isle of Rye; but this leaves out the Rye farm and the fields called in the sale particulars "The Warren," now used as a sewage farm for Ware town. So on the east side of the Rye farm we see another ditch, which runs nearly north and south from the river Lea into the river Stort, and this forms the third Isle of Rye, and is estimated to include a hundred and fifty-six acres three roods nine poles of ground, and which, therefore, is believed to be the actual boundaries of the manor of Rye in ancient times. On the east side of this largest island the land has always been called common land, so that, generally speaking, the parish boundary of Stanstead at this part was the boundary of this manor; and, as we have before mentioned that the sewage farm is known as "The Warren," we have a partial proof of its having been included in the manor, as the name has survived to this day, Ogard having been given "free warren" over this and other manors and lordships.

The Rye House is the place near which the ancient north-west corner stone boundary of Epping Forest is situated, at the junction of the rivers Lea and Stort; and which important forest Mack, the owner of the Rye House, it is said, a few years since restored at "his own cost." He has also ever given his best services towards the preservation of the ancient rights and privileges of His Majesty and those of the Corporation of the City of London, in and over Epping Forest, as well as to

the protection of the wild beasts, birds, and fish appertaining to this royal forest. The rivers Lea and Stort form its north-west boundary, as determined by the Royal Inquisition in the time of Charles I. Also, in the immediate vicinity, is the renowned "Oak Tree Field," the favourite fishing ground of that worthy citizen, Isaac Walton.

This manor was possessed by Edward Barsh, a descendant of him of the same name who, as appears by his epitaph in Stanstead Church, had been a General Surveyor for the victuals of the Navy Royal of the Marine Establishment under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Edward, the first of the family who possessed this estate, died in 1653 without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Ralph, who for his zeal in the royal cause was made a Knight of the Bath. He was followed by his son Edward, who was knighted, and he in 1676 sold this manor to Edmund Field, who was Member of Parliament for Hertford in the twentieth year of Charles II. At his death it came into the possession of Paul Field, one of the burgesses of the town of Hertford, and there it remained for many years, until at last it came into the ownership of Anthony Upton, who was a wine merchant, and partner in trade with Henry Rumbold at Puerto Sta. Maria; and in 1857 the manor was sold and divided up, twenty-four and a half acres being purchased by the late Mr. W. H. Teale for about £5,000. Carthew's *History of West and East Brandenham* gives copious notes on the family of Ogard. The family failed in the male line towards the end of the seventeenth century, but the present families named Haggard, Hoggard, Hagard, etc., claim their descent from a junior or collateral branch of the original Ogard. His arms were azure a mullet of six points argent; but his arms in the spandrels of the gateway at the Rye are so decayed as to be practically undecipherable.

The following is taken from the itinerary of William Botoner, or William of Worcester, and published from MS. in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge:—

Nobilitas Andreæ Agard, Chevalier, qui obit Anno Christi 1454, die Sancti Kalixti, apud Bockenham. De proporcione et mensura manerii de Rye, per 16 miliaria de London, in Essex; memorandum, ye utter court at Rye ys 75 steppys yn length, and yn brede 60 steppys. The hede of ye mote ys 20 steppys. Item, From ye utter gate to ye logge paled and parked yn every side, ys yn length 360 tayllors yardes. Aula continet yn longitudine 34 pedes, et yn latitudim 24 pedes. Item, Claustri longitudo continet 17 virgas et dimidiam, et latitudo continet 13 virgas. Longitudinis quadrati principalis. Andreas per 8 annos in Anglia existens custodiebat; capellam in domo sua de presbeteris ad expensas 100 libr. per annum. Item, Dedit Ecclisiæ Wyndham Abbey, XV. capas de panno auro, coloris blodii; cum les orfleys, cum suit armis. Perquisitu Manerii de Rye contrabat 1130 libr. Item, Granarum 16 equi., et 30 vaccæ, cum le storehows mercandigarum 2000 marcarum.

Cussans, in his Part I., Hundred of Braughin, gives us the following translation in part only:—The outer court is seventy-five paces in length and sixty in breadth. The head of the moat is twenty paces. From the outer gate to the lodge, parked and paled on every side, is in length 360 yards. The courtyard is 34 feet long and 24 feet wide. The length of the enclosure is 17½ rods and the width 13 rods. The principal court is 28 rods in length on the north side and 39 rods on the east. The purchase of the manor amounted to £1,130; the granary, sixteen horses, and thirty cows, with the storehouses, two thousand marks; building the inner court with brick, and the rooms, together with the enclosure and repairs, two thousand marks.

The range of artillery during the reign of Henry VI. is clearly exemplified by the erection of a castle at the Rye. It is completely commanded by the heights of Stansteadbury, not a mile distant. That which Cussans has omitted is: "That Andrew for the last eight years of his life in England had a chapel in his house, with

clerks and choristers, and his expenses were £100 per annum, and that he gave to the church at Wymondham Abbey fifteen scarlet and gold coloured copes with their orphreys, by his own hands." The house and grounds of the manor of Rye formerly occupied a considerable space, which was surrounded by a moat, and was partly filled in, so that it formed a small island, and was accordingly sometimes named the "Isle of Rye." Again, another says:—

When the Castle was built the site was called the "Isle of Rye," and the founder had free warren there, and also in the villages of Stanstead, Amwell, Hoddesdon, Ware, and Widford.

This place, perhaps, bore the ancient name of Isle since the time of the Danes, when the meadows on both sides were covered with water. There is yet a part of the old building standing; at least, something built in the old form when the first decayed. It seems as if this castle was built to awe that neighbourhood, and that the lords of the vills were disaffected to the then possessor of the Crown, and therefore that the King's authority was exerted to invade their privileges. Regarding the derivation of this name of Rye, it may be said that the root Rhe or Rhin is connected with the Gaelic Rea, *i.e.*, Rapid, and with the Welsh Rhe, *i.e.*, Swift; thus we have the river Rhee in Herts., the Rey in Wilts., Ray in Oxon, etc. But Edmunds gives us a more likely source, viz., Ray, Rea, Rei, Reigh, Rey, from Ree, English for a stream, as Rayleigh, Essex, the place at the stream; river Rea, Warwick; Reigate, a gate or fort at the stream; Reydon, the hill at the stream; or R. Y. from Rih, *i.e.*, Hough, as Hi-Nacla of the Saxon Chronicle, Ryhall in Rutland, *i.e.*, the hall in the rough place; and Wagner says it is so called from the Rye on which it stands, Rye being an old English term for a common, and derived from Ree, a water-course; hence Peckham Rye.

In 1685 was published and printed by Thomas

Newcomb, one of His Majesty's printers, "A true account and declaration of the horrid conspiracy against the late King, His present Majesty, and the Government; as it was ordered to be published by his late Majesty." It contains all the evidence adduced at the trial of the conspirators. Portraits are given of Titus Oates and King James II., and a plan of the Rye House, castle, and grounds, as produced at the trial, with a view of the buildings, malthouse, corn chambers, stables, and their surroundings.

There is also "A particular account of the situation of the Rye House," as follows:—

The Rye House, in Hartfordshire, about 18 miles from London, is so called from the "Rye," a meadow near it. Just under it there is a bye-road from Bishops Strafford (*sic*) to Hoddesdon, which was constantly used by the King when he went to or from Newmarket, the great road winding much about on the right hand by Stansted. The house is an old strong building, and stands alone, encompassed by a mote, and towards the garden has high walls, so that 20 men might easily defend it for some time against 500. From a high tower in the house all that go or come may be seen both ways for near a mile's distance. As you come from Newmarket towards London, when you are near the house you pass the meadow over a narrow causeway, at the end of which is a tollgate, which having entered, you go through a yard and a little field, and at the end of that through another gate you pass into a narrow lane, where at that time two coaches could not go abreast. This narrow passage had on the left hand a thick hedge and a ditch, on the right a long range of buildings used for corn chambers, and stables with several doors and windows looking into the road, and before it a pale, which then made the passage so narraw, but is since removed. When you are past this long building you go by the mote and the garden wall, that is very strong and has divers holes in it, through which many men might shoot. Along by the mote and wall the road continues to the Ware river, which runs about twenty or thirty yards from the mote, and is to be passed by a bridge. A small distance from thence another bridge is to be passed over the New River. In both of which passes few men may oppose great numbers. In the outer courtyard, which is behind the long building, a considerable body of horse and foot might be drawn up unperceived from the road, whence they might easily issue out at the same time into each end of the narrow lane, which was also to be stopped up by the overturning of a cart.

From the plan produced at the trial of Lord William Russell, in 1685, we find that the castle was of considerable extent, the gatehouse occupying only the south-east angle. On the north side of this were two small rooms, each about 12 feet square, and a kitchen about 22 feet by 14 feet; to the west of which was a small staircase, and next to it a hall 30 feet long and 24 feet wide. At the west end was a great parlour, 35 feet long and 20 feet wide, and a smaller one, about 17 feet by 16 feet, with other apartments or passages; and a large open well-hole staircase in the north-west angle. All these, except the gatehouse, are entirely demolished, and the site covered either wholly or in part by modern buildings. The malting-house now used as a dining hall is of as ancient a date as the castle gateway itself, being no doubt built by Ogard at the same time. The most interesting part of the castle is the gatehouse, which, even after so many years, shews what the builders of 1440 could do.

The centre battlement is built differently from the rest. The front one carries an iron bar or spike, on which it was said the head of Colonel Armstrong was placed after his execution for his share in the Rye House plot of 1683. On the west wall is left the only one of the beautiful Tudor chimney shafts, which must, in the early time of the castle, have made the building a highly ornamental one; although the elevation of 1683 does not give any idea of such being the case.

The castle (which has now disappeared) commanded the ford of the river Lea, and was surrounded by a moat. The openings for the chain of the drawbridge are still visible on either side of the arches over the doorway.

In a view published in 1778 the barn which appears in views of 1772, 1774, and 1784 also, was in existence, just beyond the gate which now stands at the end of the road towards Stanstead Church. It had a small lean-to on its end, and a very sharp pitched roof; it

was apparently about 25 feet square and 10 feet high at the eaves, and opposite to it stood the elm-tree on which it is said Rumbold was hung. By 1795 the brickwork above the arcade on the gateway tower was gone, and the chimney is shown in the view of that date as larger at the top than at the bottom.

When the house was to have been used for the purpose of the supposed Protestant plot in 1683, it was tenanted by a man of the name of Rumbold, a maltster, who, it was alleged, was to have secreted the conspirators in his house, and afforded them an opportunity of retreat after their purpose had been effected. The method according to information of Joseph Keeling, a salter, was to waylay the King on his return from Newmarket, and to shoot him and the Duke of York.

Cussans says that "the Rye House Tavern is built in the ancient forecourt upon the bank of the Lea." Another observes that "Time has dealt well with the picturesque tavern and its quaint surroundings"; whilst Isaac Walton speaks of it as "an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, twenty ballads stuck about the wall, and a hostess both cleanly, handsome, and civil." The castle was formerly used as a workhouse for the poor of Stanstead, in which parish it is situated; and until about 1805 was still inhabited by some of the old women who occupied it before the Poor Law Amendment Act rendered it necessary to provide other accommodation for the paupers of the Union to which the parish of Stanstead belongs. From Mackintosh's *James II.*, pp. 31, 32, we find, by warrants dated October 27th and 28th, 1685—

That the body of Richard Rumbold, who had been convicted and executed at Edinburgh under a Scotch law, was brought up from London. The Sheriffs of London were commanded by royal warrant to set up one of the quarters on one of the gates of the city (Aldgate), and to deliver the remaining three to the Sheriff of Hertford, who was directed by another warrant to place them at or near Rumbold's late residence at the Rye House (at Hoddesdon, the Rye, and Bishops Stortford).

The Rye House was supposed to communicate with Nether Hall by a subterranean passage, as it was a fortified baronial building of the same period, and stood just within the Essex border. One writer says

> That both Nether Hall and the Rye House have a history; and great deeds have probably been done in them, for which their names are noted; and it is quite possible that secret means of communication existed between the two buildings.

Another says

> That the two buildings are three-quarters of a mile apart as the crow flies, and any passage must necessarily be tunnelled under the River Stort. It appears from history, and the best obtainable information, that the valley of the Lea and Stort was more subject to floods formerly than it is now, and therefore any work of this kind, though not impossible, was very improbable, as along the whole line it would be a tunnel of water.

SOME HERTFORDSHIRE WORTHIES

By the Editor

OUR county can boast claims of more than average interest to the possession, either by birth or adoption, of a number of "worthies" belonging to every rank and station in life. We possess the solitary Englishman that ever occupied the throne of St. Peter—Nicholas Breakspeare, known to history as Pope Adrian IV.—whose parentage is proudly claimed by the picturesque little town of Abbots Langley; just as the neighbouring village of Kings Langley witnessed the birth of Edmond de Langley, Duke of York, the warlike son of his warlike sire, Edward III.

Similarly, Aldenham claims for its own the father of Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, whose talented and lovable son was destined to so cruel a fate in the internecine civil strifes of his country. Cardinal Wolsey (whose saddle is still reverently treasured in the mansion), the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and that bluff old mariner, Lord Anson, all in due turn occupied Moor Park. Again, the Munchausen-like Sir John Mandeville is claimed for St. Albans, Thomas Stanley (the erudite author of *Lives of the Philosophers*) for Cumberlow, the chivalrous Sir Walter Nanny for Knebworth, Sir Thomas More for Gobions, Sir Ralph Sadler for Standon, and—in more modern times—Charles Lamb for Mackery End, and the brilliantly clever Fynes Clinton for Welwyn. Whether Strutt, the famous old chronicler and antiquary, was a Hertfordshire bred man, we are unable to say. Anyhow, the scene of his romance of *Queen Hoo Hall*—on which

Scott was destined to found *his* two perhaps most celebrated romances—is laid in the locality of Welwyn, already so famous as the spot where took place the great massacre of the Danes in Saxon times.

The honour of having given birth to the pious and unswerving Bishop Ken has been claimed for both Great Berkhamsted and Little Berkhamsted—two places situate, singularly enough, at opposite sides of the county. Careful investigation puts it beyond doubt, however, that Thomas Ken saw the light at or near the latter hamlet. At thirteen years old he was sent to Winchester College, and in the old registers of the college is to be seen the following entry: "Thomas Ken de Barkhamstead in com Hertford annorum 13 ad festum Michaelis 1650, admissus est Jan. 30, 1651." His name, cut by his own hand, with date 1656, can still be seen in the college cloisters. From Winchester he went to New College, Oxford, and in 1657 was elected a probationer Fellow; took his degree, and was Comptroller of the Household to Charles II. In 1666 he was elected Fellow of his old college of Winchester, where he went to reside. He was afterwards made Rector of Brixton (Isle of Wight), and in 1669 elected to a prebend in Winchester Cathedral. Bishop Ken's journey through Italy and visit to Rome, where he was accompanied by his nephew, Isaac Walton, was in a sense the turning-point in his life, for he used to remark "that he had reason to thank God for his travels, as he had returned with a more thorough conviction of the purity of the reformed religion." That he was a man of the most sterling qualities, firm mind, and of high moral character, is beyond question, for when the Merry Monarch and his court went to pass the summer (Dr. Ken had been appointed King's Chaplain) of 1684, his prebendal house was selected as the residence of the celebrated "Nell Gwynne," but the Doctor flatly refused to allow her to enter, and she was forced to find other accommodation. However, King Charles did not

resent his Chaplain's action, but shortly afterwards made him Bishop of Bath and Wells. He was one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower for opposing James II.'s action in reference to liberty of conscience. But when William of Orange was proclaimed king he refused to transfer his allegiance, preferring to resign his see. He was a man of considerable literary attainments, and also skilled in music. He died March 19th, 1710, and was buried in Frome Selwood churchyard.

It has seemed to the Editor just and reasonable—*albeit* the poet-preacher was a Hertfordshire worthy only by adoption—that the illustrious author of *Night Thoughts* should be allotted some notice among these "worthies." Dr. Edward Young was "one of that illustrious constellation that added glory to the reign of Queen Anne"; and yet he lay so long fallow—was so long neglected while his intellectual inferiors were steadily passing him in the race—that he grew accustomed to say of himself that he "had been so long remembered he was forgotten." What an eloquent comment upon a life spent for God and his country!

Young was a Hampshire man by birth. He did not take Holy Orders until the age of forty-seven, and in 1728 he—already known for his poetic output—was appointed chaplain to George II. In July, 1730, he was presented by his college (All Souls', Oxford) to the rectory of Welwyn, Herts.—then valued at £500 per annum—and in the year following he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and widow of Colonel Lee: a connection that arose out of his father's acquaintance with Lady Anne Wharton, who was co-heiress with Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxford. The first ten years of his life at Welwyn passed with nothing particular to mark them. The poet was happy in his domestic life, and diligent in his pastoral duties. He seems to have been a striking and powerful preacher—one who felt deeply the subject on which he was

discoursing. It is related of him that once, while preaching before the Court at St. James's, not being able to command the attention or arouse the feelings of his audience, he burst into tears.

In 1741 Dr. Young sustained a great bereavement by the death of his wife, the "Lucia" of his poem. She was the daughter of Lord Lichfield, and was, at the time of her marriage with Young, a widow with two children; but she loved her second husband devotedly. She left him one son, Frederick, who does not appear to have been much comfort to his father; indeed, for some years before his death the latter refused to see him, though he ultimately sent him his forgiveness, and made him his heir. It was in his bereavement that he solaced himself with writing the great poem that made his name: *The Complaint; or Night Thoughts.* The whole of this great poem was composed either at night or when riding on horseback. We can picture him riding along the green lanes of his parish, his thoughts far absent from the scenes around him; or see him, while the world around is sleeping, "wake and waking climb night's radiant scale from sphere to sphere."

Born at Great Berkhamstead in 1731, the boyhood of the poet Cowper was partially passed at a school in the village of Markyate, on the Watling Street, between Dunstable and St. Albans—and a particularly unhappy school life it seems to have been; so much so, that he subsequently "immortalised" it in his bitter *Tirocinium, or A Review of Schools.* Of his existence at Dr. Pitman's seminary at Markyate, the poet pathetically writes:—

> My chief affliction consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys by a lad of about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon which he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I well remember being afraid to lift up my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew his shoe-buckles better than any part of his dress!

Cowper's bones are laid, not in the county of his birth, but at East Dereham, in Norfolk, where he died, and

where a memorial window to him was unveiled in 1905 by the Cowper Society.

> And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
> How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
> And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
> He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

The most acute stage of the poet's mental affliction was passed at a sanatorium in St. Albans. We of Hertfordshire are pardonably proud of him, and it was Lady Austen who suggested to him the theme of the immortal ballad of *John Gilpin*.

It is not, perhaps, altogether defensible to include in a chapter dedicated to "worthies" any reference to James Lucas, "the Hertfordshire Hermit." Still, there is nothing tangible to urge *against* this eccentric gentleman, who elected to go into "retirement" at Great Wymondley, near Stevenage, for no other or better reason than the death of his mother—reason enough, as I hope many of my readers may be heard to say. Mr. Lucas's mother died on October 26th, 1849; her son was at that time thirty-six years of age. He would not permit his mother's body to be buried until considerations of expediency demanded it; and then he straightway proclaimed himself an anchorite of the most pronounced and (we must add) sordid type. But our description of the hermit had better be borrowed from an eye-witness—a writer in *London Society* of 1862:—

> What is this dark object which is brought into dull relief by the feeble light of the fire? It is a form of someone crouching over the flame, and rubbing his skinny outstretched arms in evident enjoyment of warmth too scant to be kindly, too uncertain to be genial. You might think him some dusky savage, only half-weaned as yet from the wild habits of his native woods; or perchance some poor outcast of reason, trembling and shivering lest the indulgence he has obtained by stealth should be harshly terminated by intrusion. He is none of these, however: neither untamed Indian nor "poor Tom"; he is the *genius loci*—the hermit himself. He rises as he sees we have come to speak with him; drawing himself up hastily, and falling back a step or two from the fireplace, so quickly

that the outline of his form can no longer be discerned against the uncertain background of smoky gloom. His eyes, however, shine out brightly, and the eyeballs look strangely white in the midst of the ever-deepening obscurity of the narrow room.

And yet Mr. Lucas was a man of more than respectable birth and parentage. The story of his life and death is an almost, if not quite, unique example of the effects of acute filial grief. He died as he had lived, on April 19th, 1874, having endured five and twenty years of—presumably unwilling—existence as the Hermit of Hertfordshire. *Requiescat.*[1]

[1] Chas. Dickens visited Mr. Lucas once, and wrote an account of the incident.

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF HERTFORDSHIRE

By W. B. Gerish and H. P. Pollard.

THE earliest evidence of the presence of man in the district which is now known as Hertfordshire seems to point to the fact that the dweller in this region was somewhat inferior in intelligence to the inhabitant of other districts, as for example, Sussex. The Palæolithic implements found in Hertfordshire, principally in the valleys of the Lea and Gade, are numerous, but of exceedingly rough workmanship; the Neolithic implements, in which finer workmanship might be expected, are also very poor, with the exception of some highly-polished arrow-heads and celts found at Abbots Langley, Albury, Anstey, Bennington, Ware, and Watton.

Of the Celtic period, one of the few traces is the Hundred of Cashio and the Manor of Cassiobury, which latter, probably, marks a stronghold of the Cassii or Catieuchlani. The names of most of the rivers (Ash, Kime, Lea, Ver, etc.) are of Celtic origin. On the invasion of the Belgæ, *circa* 350 B.C., a large portion of what is now Hertfordshire was occupied by the Trinobantes. In 54 B.C., Julius Cæsar landed for the second time near Deal, and forced the Britons, under the leadership of Cassivelaunus, chief of the Trinobantes, to retire on Verulamium. The destruction of this town by the Romans, and the failure of the British attack on the naval camp, resulted in the island becoming a tributary of the Roman empire. Hertfordshire formed part of the

EARLY MAP OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

By Peter Keer (or Kaerius), 1599; copied from Saxton's map (1579) on a reduced scale.

province of Flavia Cæsariensis, and Verulam was the third town whose garrison was slaughtered in the rising under Boadicea, A.D. 61; the Ninth Legion, which was stationed in the district, is said to have been almost wholly destroyed.

Three important Roman roads pass through the county. The Icknield Way, which runs from Land's End to Yarmouth, enters the county a little north of Lilley, runs in a north-easterly direction to Wilbury Hill (leaving the large earthwork at Ravensburgh a little to the north), thence by Baldock to Ashwell (south of the latter are some tumuli), and thence to Royston, where it enters Cambridgeshire. The Ermine Street enters Hertfordshire at the south-west corner of Theobalds Park, runs north-east through Broxbourne Woods, and close to the tumulus on the golf links to Ware Lock; it then continues across the Bury Field to the south-east corner of Poles, from which point it coincides with the present road to Royston. Braughing, where the Ermine Street and Stane Street cross, is the site of an important Roman station, which, judging from the agreement in distances with Antonine's *Itinerary*, was probably Cæsaromagus. An isolated hill, apparently of artificial construction, called Larks' Hill, seems to have been the site of the Roman camp, and was of sufficient area to contain an entire legion. Part of the vallum is still to be traced: the form is quadrilateral, rounded at the south-western angle, and defended on the north and most exposed part by a triple rampart. Judging from the discoveries that have been made here and in Larksfield adjoining, systematic excavation would most likely show that the place was equal in importance to Verulamium. The Watling Street enters the county at Elstree, and runs in a north-westerly direction to St. Albans (Verulamium), thence via Redbourn and Kensworth to Dunstable, leaving the county just south of the latter town. In addition to these main roads there are traces of smaller connecting

ways. One of these runs from St. Albans in an easterly direction, via Welwyn and Watton, to Braughing; another, the "Via Militaris," runs from Bishops Stortford to Baldock by Braughing and Ardeley. These lesser roads and trackways are practically an unexplored field of research.

Evidences of the Roman occupation have been discovered practically all over the county. Large finds of pottery and coins have been made at Braughing, Cheshunt, Hitchin, Hertford, Royston, St. Albans, and Welwyn. At Radlett a kiln was discovered containing pottery stamped with the makers' name: this latter discovery is of great interest. Urns and amphoræ have been found at Datchworth, Hoddesdon, Sawbridgeworth, Stanstead Abbots, and many other places. The tumulus at Youngsbury, near Standon, and that at Widford, probably belong to the Roman period; those at Limekiln Farm, Ware, Broxbournebury, Easneye, near Stanstead, and the Seven Hills at Stevenage, may be Danish. The cave at Royston, discovered in 1742, is probably a relic of Roman occupation. It is suggested that it was first formed by shafts sunk into the chalk in the period anterior to Christianity, and was used as a Roman sepulchre. During the Crusades it received the greater part of its present decoration, and was then, if not before, converted into a Christian oratory, to which a hermitage was attached. It was partly filled up at the Reformation, and forgotten.

During the persecutions under Diocletian, St. Alban, the first British martyr, is said to have suffered death near Verulam on June 17th, A.D. 303, a church being shortly afterwards erected upon the place of his martyrdom. St. Faith's Well at Hexton, Emma's Well at Amwell, and the Church Well at Bramfield, mark the sites of very early churches, probably of this period.

During the Saxon period, Hertfordshire was divided: the eastern portion formed part of the kingdom of Essex,

the remainder being in Mercia, and part of the boundary line between these two kingdoms can be seen near Broxbourne and at Cheshunt, where "the Bank," as it is called, still marks the existence of two systems of the devolution of copyholds in cases of intestacy. Evidence of this period of occupation is to be found in the large number of Saxon place-names, numerous earthworks in the neighbourhood of Reed, and in the well-defended mounds at Anstey, Bennington, Great Berkhamsted, and Hertford Castles, and specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in St. Albans Abbey, St. Michael's (St. Albans), Bengeo, Reed, Little Hormead, and Great Munden.

In A.D. 866 the Danes overran Mercia. King Alfred is supposed to have prevented an attack upon Hertford by drawing the water from the Lea by means of trenches. The almost obliterated earthworks on the south side of the valley, a little east of Amwell church, and on the opposite side of the river, may be part of Alfred's defensive scheme. By the treaty of Wedmore, part of the boundary of the Danelagh was to be "upon the Thames, and then upon the Lea (Ligan) and all along Ligan unto its source." The bold earthworks at Ravensburgh, near Hexton, and the tumuli before mentioned, are practically all the remaining traces of this period. The massacre on St. Brice's day, November 13th, 1002, is stated to have commenced near Welwyn.

After the battle of Senlac, the Norman Conqueror crossed the Thames, and encamped at Great Berkhamsted, where a Saxon deputation offered him the English crown.

Many of the Hertfordshire churches contain architectural features of the Norman period, especially those of Amwell, Anstey, Bengeo, Hemel Hempsted, Kensworth, Redbourn, and Great Wymondley. The iron work on the north door at Little Hormead Church, and that on the doors of Letchworth and Norton, probably belong to this period. Anstey, Sandridge, and Wormley possess fine Norman fonts. Bishops Stortford, Broxbourne,

Buckland, Stanstead, Thorley, and Great Wymondley have plain examples of the same date.

In 1147, Pope Eugenius III., King Louis VII., and one hundred and thirty brethren were present at the Paris chapter of the Knights Templars, when Bernard de Balliol granted the Order fifteen librates of land at Temple Dinsley, near Hitchin. An effigy, supposed to be that of Balliol, is in the window east of the doorway in the north aisle of Hitchin church; full-length figures at Eastwick and Walkern, and the very small one at Letchworth, are the only other examples in the county of military effigies of this period.

One of the earliest events of interest in the Plantagenet period is the appointment of Thomas à Becket to the rectory of Bramfield by the Abbot of St. Albans. The church key is known as Becket's Key, and the rectory pond is called Becket's pond. In 1215, Robert FitzWalter was appointed Governor of Hertford Castle by the King, and shortly afterwards removed, owing to his hostility to his sovereign. On May 22nd, 1215, the Barons encamped near Hertford, on their way to London, under the leadership of FitzWalter, who was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta. Hertford Castle was besieged by King Louis from November 11th to December 6th, when it capitulated. Berkhamsted castle fell into the hands of the French King shortly afterwards. In 1217, Fulk de Breaute, formerly governor of Berkhamsted Castle, completely defeated the French, and thus concluded the war. In the middle of the thirteenth century, Henry III. built himself a palace at Kings Langley, a portion of the outer walls of which still exist. The castle at Anstey, it is said, was destroyed in 1254 by order of Henry III., in revenge for the part taken by Nicholas d'Anestie in the Barons' War; but from references to the castle in the reign of Edward III., the keep seems to have remained until after 1400. In 1348, the Black Death reached England, and

ravaged the land. In Hertfordshire, some fifty of the clergy, in addition to the abbot of St. Albans and forty-seven of his monks, died. The first visitation ceased on September 29th, 1349, and on the north side of the tower at Ashwell church is an inscription referring to the scarcity of labour caused by the Black Death. On August 15th, 1361, the sickness returned, but its effects were much less severe. On St. Maur's Day, January 15th, 1362, it is recorded by Piers Ploughman that "the south-westrene wynd on Saterday at even" did enormous damage. The Ashwell inscription also refers to this tempest. The second visitation of the Plague ceased on May 3rd, 1362, and a third visitation lasted from July 2nd to September 29th, 1369.

The churches of Ashwell, Stevenage, and Wheathampstead are fine examples of the Early English period (1189-1280). Digswell, Furneaux Pelham, Layston, Letchworth, and Great Munden also contain much work of the same date. The font at Standon is almost the only Early English example in the county. Flamstead Hatfield, North Mimms, and Ware are good specimens of the Decorated period (1280-1377). Hitchin, Offley, and Ware possess fonts of this date, the last-mentioned being the finest in the county. At Stevenage are effigies of a lady and two sons (*temp.* Edward I.). At Anstey is a small effigy of a lady with twin babes (*temp.* Edward III.). At Albury, Bennington, Hitchin, Little Munden, and Sawbridgeworth are effigies of knights with their ladies (*temps.* Edward III.-Henry VI.); while at St. Ippollitts is the fine figure of a priest. The best known monument of the reign of Edward I. is the Eleanor cross at Waltham (a similar cross which existed at St. Albans was destroyed during the Civil War).

The first battle of the Wars of the Roses took place at St. Albans, May 23rd, 1455, the Yorkists being victorious; but on February 17th, 1461, the Lancastrians made up for the defeat on the 2nd of February by a

victory over the Earl of Warwick at Bernards Heath. St. Peter's churchyard was used as a burial-place for some of the slain, and a helmet and shackles (the latter, however, of much more recent date) were dug up therein, and are now in the vestry. By the Battle of Barnet, April 14th, 1471, the Lancastrians were hopelessly defeated; a monument was erected in 1740 to mark the site.

The churches of Bennington, Bishops Stortford, Broxbourne, Hitchin, Kings Langley, and Watford contain much work of the Perpendicular period (1377-1547), and fonts of this date are to be seen at Ardeley, Bygrave, Caldecote, Little Hadham, Little Hormead, Meesden, Newnham, Norton, Rushden, and St. Paul's, Walden.

In 1486, Caxton printed *The Book of St. Albans*, containing treatises on hunting, hawking, heraldry, etc. In 1496, the book was reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde, with the addition of *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*. These articles were the work of Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of the nunnery at Sopwell, in the chapel of which, it is said, one of Henry VIII.'s marriages was solemnised. This King had a predilection for the county, possessing houses at Hunsdon and Hatfield, and, it is said, considering the question of making Hertford Castle a residence. He paid a visit to the college of Bonhommes at Ashridge shortly before the Dissolution. This latter event was the chief feature of archæological interest of his reign. The Benedictine monastery at St. Albans, founded by King Offa about A.D. 793, was surrendered by the forty-first abbot, Richard Boreman de Stevenage. St. Albans was one of the twenty-four mitred abbeys, the abbot sitting as a baron in the House of Lords. The priory of Kings Langley was the wealthiest Dominican house in England at its suppression; it was founded in 1308 by Edward III. Queen Mary endeavoured to restore it in 1557, and placed therein a community of nuns, but in the first year of Elizabeth's reign they were ejected, and the buildings granted to

Edward Grimston, who razed them to the ground, so that the site can only be conjectured. The Benedictine priory at Hertford was founded by Ralph de Limesi, nephew of the Conqueror: the site and buildings were granted to Anthony Denny. Some twenty years ago the foundations were discovered, and a few fragments of carved stone and encaustic tiles were found, and are preserved in the Hertford Museum. At Hitchin was a Carmelite priory, founded *temp.* Edward II. by John Blomvil, Adam Rouse, and John Cobham. Soon after the Dissolution, it came into the possession of the Radcliffe family: the present building, with the exception of some portions of the walls, is a modern erection on the site. There was also a brotherhood with a house in Bancroft, and a Gilbertine nunnery south-east of the church. The founder of the latter is not known, but it was probably suppressed in 1538, although the deed has not yet been discovered: the present building on the site known as "The Biggin" is scarcely earlier than 1600. At Royston a Dominican friary was founded by Eustace de Merc about 1180, and granted, in 1539, to Robert Chester; remains of the friary church are to be seen in the present parish church. Ware possessed an alien Benedictine priory, founded *circa* 1081, and a Franciscan house founded in the time of Edward III. Considerable remains of the cloisters and a building (now used as a drapery store) belonging to the latter are in existence. At Little Wymondley, a Dominican friary was founded by Richard d'Argentine in the reign of Henry III.; some few traces of the establishment are to be found in the house occupying the site. Rowney Priory, near Great Munden, is a modern mansion on the site of the priory for Benedictine nuns founded by Conan, Duke of Brittany, in the early part of the reign of Henry II. In the reign of Henry VI. the church and buildings had become so dilapidated that the prioress and nuns petitioned for liberty to resign. This was granted,

the estate sold, and with the proceeds a chantry maintained in the parish church, which, at the suppression, was valued at £13 10*s.* 9*d.* per annum.

St. Albans possessed, in addition to the monastery, the following houses:—Sopwell Nunnery, founded by Geoffrey, sixteenth abbot, about 1119. A permanent building took the place of the hut of bark and withes which had formed a shelter for the first two sisters. It was always a small house, for the nuns were but thirteen in number: the present ruins are those of a later dwelling-house on the site. The Hospital of St. Mary de Pré, founded by Warren de Cambridge, twentieth abbot, for leprous nuns of the Benedictine order was suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey, and subsequently fell into the hands of the King. St. Julian's, founded by Abbot Geoffrey as a hospital for lepers, was granted to Sir R. Lee at the Dissolution, and all traces of it have long since disappeared. Leper hospitals also existed at Baldock (its situation was near the present station) and at Hoddesdon (in the locality of the Gas Works). The priory of St. Trinity in the Wood, or Markyate Cell, a nunnery situate at Markyate Street, near Caddington, was founded in 1145 by Geoffrey de Gorham. It was valued at the Dissolution at £114 6*s.* 1*d.* Portions of the cells remain in the present house. At Cheshunt was a Benedictine nunnery; the date of its foundation is uncertain. It was granted to Anthony Denny by Edward VI.; traces of the walls, etc., are to be seen embodied in the present Nunnery Farm. The Knights Hospitallers possessed houses at Bengeo Temple, Temple Dinsley, near Hitchin, and a preceptory at Standon. Having refused to yield up their establishments, an Act (32 Hen. VIII., c. 24) was passed to compel the surrender. The only remains of these buildings is the hospice at Standon, now the National School.

Typical examples of houses of the Tudor period are Mackery End, near Wheathampstead, Queen Hoo Hall,

Aston Bury, Furneaux Pelham Hall, and Hadham Hall. Mackery End House appears to have been considerably altered about 1553; the oldest portion is of half-timbered work. Queen Hoo Hall, near Bramfield, is a picturesque building with bays on the south front, carried up to the roof; the gables have brick finials cut in star-shape facets. A mural painting in an upper room represents, apparently, the Elizabethan play entitled "Abraham, Melchizedek, and Lot." Aston Bury is a mid-sixteenth century structure; the south front has projections which contain very fine staircases. A room, 110 feet long and 17½ feet wide, runs the entire length of the upper floor. Hadham Hall is an Elizabethan brick building with hexagonal towers on either side of the front entrance. It possesses a gallery 135 feet long with mullioned windows; the rooms leading therefrom contain good stud work. It has recently been restored with marked taste and judgment.

Representative houses of the Jacobean period are Hatfield House, Rawdon House, Hoddesdon, Water End (near Ayot St. Lawrence) and Brent Pelham Hall; but many other manor houses were rebuilt about this time. Typical Georgian buildings are Moor Hall, Rickmansworth, Wormleybury, Moor Place, Much Hadham, and Cassiobury; but numbers of earlier buildings were refaced and remodelled in this heavy, ugly style.

The foregoing necessarily brief account of the antiquities of the county indicates that while not especially rich in remains of the past, Hertfordshire will, for its size, bear favourable comparison with any of the home counties.

FOLK-LORE AND LEGEND

By the Editor

In *April*,
Sing he will;
In May,
Sings all day;
In June,
Changes his tune;
In August,
Go he *must*, he MUST, he MUST.
—Old Hertfordshire Song to the Cuckoo.

It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware.
—John Gilpin.

"PLEASE, mum, any ribbints for our garlants?" My friend from London stands aghast at these extraordinary words, which are uttered by the spokeswoman of a troop of somewhat poorly-clad girls. I hasten to translate the words into "Please, ma'am, have you any ribbons for our garlands?" and to explain that it is still customary, in some parts of Hertfordshire, for the girls of the village to make an annual tour of the place on each first of May, armed with large garlands of spring flowers, and singing the most remarkable doggerels. This is well enough—indeed, it is a quaint and pretty custom. But it is slightly embarrassing for one to be waited upon by troop after troop of these girls, the one desire of whose hearts is for "ribbants for our garlants," as regularly as the month of April comes round. In fact, of such frequent occurrence

are these predatory incursions that I have suspected certain of these young ladies of calling upon me more than once or twice in the month. Nor are they always content to confine their demands to "ribbints": anything in the way of dress that will make them look smart is thankfully received, and with many a curtsey do they depart to make ready for the festival. And the authorities at the village school regularly allow their girl pupils a holiday on "May Day," such holiday being regarded by the scholars as of right.

More surprises remained for my town-bred friend. We, being denied the pleasures of a "London season," live rationally in the country, and rise early. But, early or not, punctually at seven a.m. on every first of May comes a loud knocking at our door; and then the voices of the garland girls are heard joined in the following doggerel:—

The First of May has come again,
The best time of the year,
And we have all come round once more
To taste of your strong beer;

If you have not got any strong,
We'll be content with small;
We'll take the cup and drink it up,
And thank the Lord for all!

O a garland, a garland, a very pretty garland,
As ever you wish (*sic*) to see:
It's fit for the Queen Victoria,
So please remember me.

The sentiment of this ditty is as vague as the tune is monotonous. Some of the voices are quite sweet, while others, I must confess, are like

Sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,

and ofttimes there are disputes between members of the awkward squad—the garland bearers travel in knots varying from two to eight in number—as to who is and is not singing "proper." One little girl (their ages vary from five to fifteen), asked who taught her the above

doggerel, replied, "Our mother"; and when pressed as to whence "our mother" derived her knowledge, stated that it was "Our grandmother." This answer tends to show that the custom at least possesses the charm of antiquity.

Not unfrequently the garlands are very beautifully constructed, handsomely designed, and gay with the aforenamed "ribbints." They generally take the shape of wreaths borne between two children, so as not to injure the blossoms. These consist of cowslips, primroses, marsh marigolds, blue-bells, "wall-flowers," wild orchids, "ladies' smocks," etc., crowned, of course, by the inevitable branch of "may," whenever obtainable. I must not omit to mention that the collecting of flowers for their garlands entails upon the girls a deal of tramping to and from the neighbouring woods.

With regard to personal adornment, the girls deck themselves with the "ribbints," wreaths, etc. In one village it is a *sine quâ non* that every child shall be dressed in white, and shall wear a wreath of Spring flowers. In yet another hamlet the custom still obtains of making the children dance as well as sing—no mean feat this, when we remember that their boots are of leather, heavily nailed and "tipped." At the larger houses they are regaled with cake, milk, etc., and I remember a recent occasion when they were requested to leave their garlands and posies at the "big house" to be sent to the London hospital—a better fate than usually befalls them, when the luckless girls are surrounded by the ungallant small boys of the village (as soon as twelve noon has struck), and their garlands destroyed and scattered. The girls, it is only fair to add, return this compliment with interest on November 5th, when it becomes their privilege, at the same hour of noon, to do their best in destroying the boys' "guys."

Notwithstanding the onward march of "civilisation"—in railways, waterworks, church restorations, and so forth—this quaintly pretty custom holds good in several

parts of the county, and is not likely to become obsolete just yet. As the already tired garland children clatter down the dusty road in the early morning, their voices die away into an almost mournful cadence:—

Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake and you shall hear
How Christ the Saviour died for us,
Who lovéd us so dear.

So dear, so dear, has Christ lovéd us,
And for our sins was slain,
We had better leave off our wickedness
And turn to the Lord again.

Goodbye, goodbye, I must be gone,
I can no longer stay;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.
O a garland, etc.

The custom is a very old one indeed, and in certain districts it dies hard.

A writer in one of the county newspapers, a few years ago, shed some interesting light upon a few of the legends that still obtain in certain villages. He said:—

I was admiring what seemed to me to be a very fine specimen of a herb, with which I was cockney enough not to be very familiar. "That be rosemary, sir," said the worthy cottager; "and they do say it only grows where the missis is master, and it do grow here like wildfire." Strolling in the garden of another villager, I saw a mouse, not one of the little devouring animals so abhorred by clean and careful housewives, but a pretty taper-snouted out-door resident, quite as destructive in his habits, lying dead upon one of the paths. No marks of violence were visible upon it, and I was earnestly assured that these mice, whenever they attempt to cross a footpath, always die in the effort. Putting an incredulous face upon this piece of information, I was met by the reply, "Ah! you Lunnuners doant know everything; why I've found 'em dead upon the paths scores o' times, and I know they can't get across alive." During a short visit on Easter Sunday in last year on her eightieth birthday, the rain fell copiously for some hours; remarking upon which, the old dame exclaimed, "They do say in these parts

'A good deal of rain on Easter-day
Gives a crop of good grass, but little good hay;'

and I'm much afear'd it'll be so *to-year*."

Old Samuel Salter, the founder of the brewing firm of Salter & Co. (now carrying on business at Rickmansworth), early in the present century bequeathed a barrel of beer *daily* to thirsty wayfarers. But the wayfarers proved to be both exceedingly "thirsty" and exceedingly numerous; and finally (about 1852) free fights around the mystic butt became so frequent, and drunkenness so prevalent, that the bequest was, to the great relief of the neighbourhood, discontinued. In Rickmansworth parish church, by the way, an inscription tells how "ye wicked youths of Rickmersworth" broke down certain graven images, set up by order of Mary the Queen.

While concerned with this fascinating subject of folk-lore and legend, it may be not without profit if we include an extraordinary and barbaric cure for the King's Evil, which we take from an old book written by one William Ellis, a farmer of Little Gaddesden, near Hemel Hempstead, who flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century:—

A girl at Gaddesden, having the evil in her feet from her infancy, at eleven years old lost one of her toes by it, and was so bad that she could hardly walk, therefore was to be sent to a London Hospital in a little time. But a beggar woman coming to the door and hearing of it, said that if they would cut off the hind leg, and the fore leg on the contrary side of that, of a toad, and she wear them in a silken bag about her neck, it would certainly cure her; but it was to be observed, that on the toad's losing its legs, it was to be turned loose abroad, and as it pined, wasted, and died, the distemper would likewise waste and die, which happened accordingly, for the girl was entirely cured by it, never having had the evil afterwards. Another Gaddesden girl having the evil in her eyes, her parents dried a toad in the sun, and put it in a silken bag, which they hung on the back part of her neck; and although it was thus dried, it drawed so much as to raise little blisters, but did the girl a great deal of service, till she carelessly lost it.

It would appear that the observance of St. Valentine's Day in Hertfordshire villages has almost died out; but Hone, in his year book, 1832, says:—

On the fourteenth of February it is customary in many parts of Hertfordshire for the poor and middling classes of children to assemble

together in some part of the town or village where they live, whence they proceed in a body to the house of the chief personage of the place, who throws them wreaths and true lover's knots from the window, with which they entirely adorn themselves. Two or three of the girls then select one of the youngest amongst them (generally a boy), whom they deck out more gaily than the rest, and, placing him at their head, march forward in the greatest state imaginable, at the same time playfully singing :—

Good morrow to you, Valentine;
Curl your locks as I do mine,
Two before, and three behind,
Good morrow to you, Valentine.

This they repeat under the windows of all the houses they pass, and the inhabitant is seldom known to refuse a mite towards the merry solicitings of these juvenile serenaders. I have experienced much pleasure from witnessing their mirth. They begin as early as six o'clock in the morning.

Another version has it:—

Mother, Mother Valentine,
Curl your locks as I curl mine—
One before, and one behind,
Mother, Mother Valentine.

Ware is redolent with memories of John Gilpin's famous ride, and certainly this picturesque neighbourhood is fit environment for that doughty citizen and equestrian who

Came because his horse would come.

Old inns, with old signboards and old sun-dials, serve as much as anything to keep warm our recollection of Hertfordshire's "folk-lore and legend." At Chorleywood, near Rickmansworth, we have the sign of *The Gate*, for example, with its sprightly old greeting—

This *Gate* hangs well
And hinders none:
Refresh and pay,
And travel on.

And over the entrance to the old *Eight Bells* in a neighbouring town is inscribed the motto—

Poor Trust is dead—
Bad Pay killed him;

whilst, of course, there are innumerable "Pay to-day and trust to-morrow," "Short reckonings make long friends," etc. The old inns of Hertfordshire furnish an interesting study.

The custom of horn-blowing during harvest, we believe, still exists, and seems to be peculiar to Hertfordshire, and in no less than twenty places in the county the gleaning bell is still rung, if it has not very recently been discontinued.

We have sundry folk-rhymes which are worthy of being recorded. On a beam at Mappershall, near Shefford, which is on the border of an isolated portion of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, there is this quaint rhyme:—

> If you wish to go into Hertfordshire,
> Hitch a little nearer to the fire.

There is a little rustic joke here or play on the word Hertfordshire or Hearthfordshire.

Untold wealth is suggested in the following lines:—

> No heart can think nor tongue can tell
> What lies between Brockby Hill and Pennywell.

It appears that many old coins have been found in this district.

And the excellence of Hertfordshire breezes is told in the lines:—

> They who buy a house in Hertfordshire,
> Pay three years' purchase for the air.

Among the proverbs peculiar to Hertfordshire may be enumerated: "Herts' kindness," "Herts' clubs and clouted shoon," "Herts' hedgehogs," and "Ware and Wade's Mill are worth all London."

NOTE ON THE GREAT BED OF WARE

By W. F. Andrews

IN a building in the Rye House grounds is the great Bed of Ware. For many years the bedstead was at the Saracen's Head Hotel, Ware, in a room which had a low ceiling, and consequently it is said that the height of the corner posts was reduced. After a sale at the hotel in 1864, the proprietor of the Rye House bought the bedstead and other articles. It was popularly believed that the bed was round, and that it could accommodate twenty-four people; but as the bedstead is rectangular, such a number of persons could not sleep on it very comfortably. Shakespeare alludes to it in *Twelfth Night*, Act III., Sc. 2, where Sir Toby Belch says: "Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou 'thou'st' him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go about it."

Perhaps the earliest recorded mention of this "piece of furniture" is in the *Poetical Itinerary* of Prince Ludwig of Anhalt-Köhten, who visited this country in 1596, five years anterior to *Twelfth Night*. His reference to the bed may be thus rendered:—

> At Ware was a bed of dimensions so wide,
> Four couples might cosily lie side by side
> And thus without touching each other abide.

According to Cussans' history of the county, the great bed was originally in the Crown Inn at Ware, but was transferred to the Bull Inn, and thence to the Saracen's Head. The style of carving does not indicate a period much earlier than Queen Elizabeth, and the date, 1463, painted at the head, is comparatively modern. The bedstead and panelling are of English oak, and are probably of considerable value. The bedstead is nearly square, each side being about eleven feet in length. The posts are plain at the bottom, and about two feet from the ground are four pillars, one at each angle of the posts. The pillars support four arches, above which the posts, elaborately carved, continue for about four feet more, the total height being about eight feet. The canopy and the head are finely carved with human figures, fluted work, heraldic roses, and Gothic arches. There is a fine engraving of the bedstead in Clutterbuck's *History of Hertfordshire*, also in Shaw's *Specimens of Ancient Furniture*. It seems to be the general opinion that the great bed was originally in the Manor House at Ware Park, formerly the property of the Fanshawe family, persons of note, and was removed from that house to the Crown.

It was probably a State bedstead.

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